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MEDITATIONS

AMONG THE

TOMBS.

IN A

LETTER

TO A

LADY.

By *JAMES HERVEY*, A. B.

Every Stone that we look upon, in this Repoſitory of paſt Ages, is both an Entertainment, *and a* Monitor.

Plain Dealer. Vol. I. N° 42.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and J. RIVINGTON, in *St. Paul's Church-yard*; And J. LEAKE, at *Bath*.

M DCC XLVI.

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TO

Miſs *R*—— *T*——.

MADAM,

THESE Reflections, the One on the *deepeſt*, the Other on the *gayeſt* Scenes of Nature, when they proceeded privately from the *Pen*, were addreſſed to a Lady of the moſt valuable Endowments: Who crowned all her other endearing Qualities, by a cordial Love of CHRIST, and an exemplary Conformity to his Divine Pattern. She, alas!! lives no

A longer

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longer on Earth; unleſs it be in the Honours of a diſtinguiſhed Character, and the bleeding Remembrance of her Acquaintance.

IT is impoſſible, Madam, to wiſh You a richer Bleſſing, or a more ſubſtantial Happineſs, than that the ſame Spirit of unfeigned *Faith*, the ſame Courſe of undefiled *Religion*, which have enabled Her to triumph over Death, may both animate and adorn your Life. And you will permit me to declare, that my chief Inducement in requeſting your Acceptance of the following Meditations, now they make a public Appearance from the *Preſs*, is, that they are deſigned to cultivate the ſame ſacred *Principle*, and to promote the ſame excellent *Practice*.

Long, Madam, may you *bloom* in all the Vivacity and Amiableneſs of Youth,

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Youth, like the charming Subject of one of theſe Contemplations. But at the ſame Time remember, that, with regard to ſuch inferior Accompliſhments, You muſt one Day *fade*, (may it prove ſome very remote Period!) like the mournful Objects of the other. This Conſideration will prompt You to go on, as You have begun, in adding the *Meekneſs of Wiſdom*, and all the *Beauties of Holineſs*, to the Graces of an engaging Perſon, and the Refinements of a polite Education.

And might —— O! might the enſuing Hints furniſh You with the leaſt Aſſiſtance, in proſecuting ſo deſirable an End; might they contribute, in any Degree, to eſtabliſh your Faith, or elevate your Devotion; they would, then, adminiſter to the Author ſuch a Satisfaction, as Ap-

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plauſe cannot give, nor Cenſure take away: A Satisfaction, which I ſhould be able to enjoy, even in thoſe awful Moments, when all that captivates the Eye is ſinking in Darkneſs, and every Glory of this lower World diſappearing for ever.

THESE Wiſhes, Madam, as they are a moſt agreeable Employ of my Thoughts, ſo they come attended with this additional Circumſtance of Pleaſure, that they are alſo the ſincereſt Expreſſion of that very great Eſteem, with which I am,

MADAM,

Your moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble Servant;

JAMES HERVEY.

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PREFACE.

THE *first of these occasional Meditations begs Leave to remind my Readers of their* Latter End; *and would invite them to set, not their Houses only, but, which is inexpressibly more needful, their Souls, in Order: That they may be able, through all the intermediate Stages, to look forward upon their approaching Exit, without any* anxious Apprehensions: *And, when the great Change commences, may bid Adieu to terrestrial Things, with all the* Calmness *of a chearful Resignation, with all the* Comforts *of a well-grounded Faith.*

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The other attempts to sketch out ſome little Traces of the All-ſufficiency *of our* Redeemer, *for the grand and gracious Purpoſes of everlaſting Salvation; that a Senſe of his unutterable Dignity and infinite Perfections, may incite us to regard Him with Sentiments of the moſt profound* Veneration; *to long for an aſſured Intereſt in his Merits, with all the Ardency of* Deſire; *and to truſt in his powerful Mediation, with an* Affiance *not to be ſhaken by any Temptations, not to be ſhared with any Performances of our own.*

I flatter myſelf, that the Thoughts conceived among the Tombs, *may be welcome to the* ſerious *and* humane *Mind; becauſe, as there are few, who have not conſigned the Remains of ſome dear* Relations, *or honoured* Friends, *to thoſe ſilent Repoſitories; ſo there are none, but muſt be ſenſible, that this is* the Houſe appointed for all Living; *and that they themſelves are*

ſhortly

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ſhortly to remove into the ſame ſolemn Manſions. —— And who would not turn aſide, for a while, from the moſt favourite Amuſements, to view the Place, *where his once-loved* Companions lie? *Who would not ſometimes ſurvey thoſe* Apartments, *where he* himſelf *is to take up an* Abode, *till Time ſhall be no more?*

As to the other little Eſſay, may I not humbly preſume, that the very Subject itſelf will recommend the Remarks? For who is not delighted with the Proſpect of the blooming Creation, and even charmed with the delicate Attractions *of Flowers? Who does not covet to aſſemble them in the Garden, or wear them in a Noſegay? Since this is a Paſſion ſo univerſal, who would not be willing to render it productive of the ſublimeſt Improvement? —— This Piece of* holy Frugality *I have ventured to ſuggeſt, and endeavoured to exemplify, in the Second Letter; that while the Hand is cropping the tranſient Beauties of a Flower, the attentive Mind may be enriching itſelf with*

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ſolid and laſting Good. — *And I cannot but entertain ſome pleaſing Hopes, that the niceſt Taſte may receive and reliſh* religious Impreſſions, *when they are conveyed by ſuch* lovely Monitors; *when the inſtructive Leſſons are found, not on the Leaves of ſome formidable* Folio, *but ſtand legible on the fine* Sarcenet *of a* Narciſſus; *when they ſavour not of the* Lamp *and* Recluſe, *but come breathing from the fragrant Boſom of a* Jonquil.

MEDITA-

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MEDITATIONS AMONG THE TOMBS.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

TRAVELLING lately into *Cornwall*, I happened to alight at *Kilkhampton*, a conſiderable Village in that County: Where, finding myſelf under an unexpected Neceſſity of reſting a little, I took a Walk to the *Church*. The Doors, like the Heaven to which they lead, were wide open; and readily admitted an unworthy Stranger. Pleaſed with the Opportunity, I reſolved to ſpend a few Minutes under the ſacred Roof.

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IN a Situation ſo retired and awful, I could not avoid falling into ſerious Meditations. Which, I truſt, were in ſome Degree profitable to *me*, while they poſſeſſed and warmed my Thoughts; and, if they may adminiſter any Satisfaction to *you*, Madam, now they are recollected, and committed to Writeing, I ſhall receive a freſh Pleaſure from them.

HAVING adored that eternal Majeſty, who, far from being confined to Temples made with Hands, has Heaven for his Throne, and the Earth for his Footſtool —— Having obſerved the regular Range of the Pillars, and a ſort of magnificent Plainneſs in the whole Structure; which were rendered more affecting, by a certain Air of Solemnity peculiar to Places of this kind —— I took particular Notice of a handſome *Altar-piece*, preſented by the Maſter-Builders of * *Stow*, out of

* The Name of a noble Seat, erected in this Pariſh, belonging to the late Earl of *Bath*; remarkable formerly for its excellent Workmanſhip, and elegant Furniture; once the grand Reſort of the Quality and Gentry of the Weſt; but now demoliſhed, laid even with the Ground, and ſcarce one Stone left upon another. So that Corn may grow, or Nettles ſpring, where *Stow* lately ſtood.

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Gratitude, I presume, to that gracious GOD, who carried them through their Work, and enabled them to "bring forth the Top-stone with Joy."

O! how amiable is *Gratitude!* especially, when it has the supreme Benefactor for its Object. I have always looked upon Gratitude as the most exalted Principle that can actuate the Heart of Man. It has something noble, disinterested, and (if I may be allowed the Term) generously devout. *Repentance* indicates our Nature fallen, and *Prayer* turns chiefly upon a Regard to one's self. But the Exercises of Gratitude subsisted in Paradise, when there was no Fault to deplore; and will be perpetuated in Heaven, when "GOD shall be *All* in *all*."

THE Language of this sweet Temper is, "I am unspeakably obliged: What Return shall I make?" — And, surely, it is no improper Expression of an unfeigned Thankfulness, to decorate our Creator's Courts, and *beautify* "the *Place* where his Honour dwelleth." Of old the Habitation of his Feet was glorious: Let it not now be sordid

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or contemptible. It must grieve an ingenuous Mind, and be a Reproach to any People, to have their own Houses wainscoted with Cedar, and painted with Vermilion; while the Temple of the LORD of Hosts is destitute of every decent Ornament.

HERE I recollected, and was charmed with, *Solomon*'s fine *Address* to the Almighty, at the *Dedication* of his famous *Temple*. With immense Charge, and exquisite Skill, he had erected the most rich and finished Structure, that the Sun ever saw. Yet upon a Review of his Work, and a Reflection on the transcendent Perfections of the Godhead, how he *exalts* the one, and *abases* the other? — The Building was too glorious for the mightiest Monarch to inhabit; too sacred, for unhallowed Feet even to enter; yet infinitely too mean, for the Deity to reside in. It was, and the Royal Worshipper acknowleged it to be, a most marvellous Vouchsafement in uncreated Excellency, to "put his Name there." The whole Passage breathes such a Delicacy, and is animated with such a Sublimity of Sentiment, that I cannot persuade myself to pass on

on without repeating it. **But will GOD indeed dwell on Earth? Behold! The Heaven, and Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee; how much leſs this Houſe that I have builded?* —— Incomparable Saying! Worthy the wiſeſt of Men. Who would not chooſe to poſſeſs ſuch an elevated Devotion,

* *But will.* A fine abrupt Beginning, moſt ſignificantly deſcribing the Amazement and Rapture of the Royal Prophet's Mind. — *GOD:* He uſes no Epithet, where Writers of inferior Diſcernment would have been fond to multiply them: But ſpeaks of the Deity, as an incomprehenſible Being, whoſe Excellency is exalted above all Praiſe.—*Dwell:* To beſtow on ſinful Creatures a propitious Look, or favour them with a tranſient Viſit of Kindneſs, would have been an unutterable Obligation: Will he then vouchſafe to fix his Abode, and take up his ſtated Reſidence among them?—*Indeed:* A Word, in this Connexion, exceedingly emphatical; expreſſive of a Condeſcenſion, wonderful and extraordinary almoſt beyond all Credibility.— Then, a moſt important Reaſon is ſuggeſted for the preceding Admiration: *Behold:* Intimating the continued, or rather the increaſing Surprize of the Speaker, and awakening the Attention of the Hearer.—*Behold! The Heaven:* The ſpacious Concave of the Firmament, that wide-extended Azure Circumference, in which Worlds unnumbered perform their Revolutions, are too ſcanty an Apartment for the Godhead.—Nay, *The Heaven of Heavens:* Thoſe vaſtly higher Tracts, which lie far beyond the Limits of human Survey, to which our very Thoughts can hardly ſoar; even Theſe (unbounded as they are) cannot afford an adequate Habitation for *Jehovah*; even Theſe dwindle into a Point, when compared with the Infinitude of his Eſſence; even Theſe "are as nothing before him." — *How much leſs* proportionate then is this poor diminutive Speck, which I have been erecting and embelliſhing, to ſo auguſt a Preſence, ſo immenſe a Majeſty?

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tion, rather than to own all the glittering Materials of that ſumptuous Edifice?

WE are apt to be ſtruck with Admiration at the beautiful Grandeur of a maſterly Performance in Architecture. And, perhaps, on a Sight of the antient Sanctuary, ſhould have made the ſuperficial Obſervation of the Diſciples, "What manner of Stones, and what "Buildings are here?"—But what a nobler Turn of Thought, and juſter Taſte of Things, does it diſcover, to join with *Iſrael*'s King in celebrating the *Condeſcenſion* of the Divine *Inhabitant?* That the High and Lofty One, who fills Immenſity with his Glory, ſhould, in a peculiar manner, fix his Abode there! Should there manifeſt an extraordinary Degree of his benedictive Preſence; permit ſinful Mortals to approach his Majeſty, and promiſe "to make them joyful in his Houſe of Prayer!"——This ſhould more ſenſibly affect our *Hearts*, than the moſt curious Arrangement of Stones can delight our *Eyes*.

NAY, the everlaſting GOD does not diſdain to *dwell* in our *Souls*, by his Holy *Spirit*, and to make even our *Bodies* his Temple.——Tell me, ye that frame critical Judgments, and balance

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balance nicely the Diſtinctions of Things; "Is this moſt aſtoniſhing, or moſt rejoicing?" He *humbleth* himſelf, the Scripture aſſures us, even to *behold* the Things that are in *Heaven*. 'Tis a moſt condeſcending Favour, if he pleaſes to take the leaſt approving Notice of Angels and Archangels, when they bow down in Homage from their celeſtial Thrones: And yet will he graciouſly regard, will he be *intimately united* to poor, polluted, breathing Duſt? —— O! unparallel'd Honour! Invaluable Privilege! Be This my Portion, and I ſhall not covet Crowns, nor envy Conquerors.

But let me remember, what a *Sanctity of Diſpoſition*, and *Uprightneſs of Converſation*, ſo exalted a Relation demands: Remember this, "and rejoice with trembling." ——Durſt I commit any Iniquity, while I tread theſe hallowed Courts? Could the *Jewiſh High-prieſt* allow himſelf in any known Tranſgreſſion, when he made that yearly Entrance into the Holy of Holies, and ſtood before the immediate Preſence of *Jehovah*? No, truly. In ſuch Circumſtances, a thinking Perſon muſt ſhudder at the moſt remote Solicitation to any wilful Offence.

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I ſhould now be ſhocked at the leaſt Indecency of Behaviour, and am apprehenſive of every Appearance of Evil. And why do we not carry this *holy Jealouſy* into all our *ordinary* Life? Why do we not, in every Place, * *reverence ourſelves*, as Perſons dedicated to the Divinity, as living Temples of the Godhead? For, if we are real, and not merely nominal Chriſtians, the GOD of Glory, according to his own Promiſe, † *dwells in us, and walks in us.* —— O! that this one Doctrine of our Religion might operate with an abiding Efficacy upon our Conſciences! It would be inſtead of a thouſand Laws to regulate our Conduct, inſtead of a thouſand Motives to quicken us in Holineſs. Under the Influence of ſuch a Conviction, we ſhould ſtudy to maintain a Purity of Intention, a Dignity of Action, and "to walk worthy

* —— παντων δε μαλις' αιδουεο σ'αυτον,
Was the favourite Maxim of *Pythagoras*, and ſuppoſed to be the beſt moral Precept, that was ever given to the heathen World. With what ſuperior Force, and infinite Advantage, does the Argument take Place in the Chriſtian Scheme? Where we are taught to regard ourſelves, not merely as *intellectual Beings*, that have *Reaſon* for our Monitor; but as *conſecrated Creatures*, who have a GOD of the moſt conſummate Perfection ever *with* us, ever *in* us.

† 2 Cor. vi. 16.

"of

" of him" who has called us to such a sacred Union with his blessed Self.

THE next Thing that engaged my Attention was the *Lettered Floor*: The Pavement, like *Ezekiel's* Roll, was written over from one End to the other. I soon perceived the Comparison to hold good in another respect, and the Inscriptions to be Matter of "Mourning, Lamentation, and "Woe." They seemed to court my Observation, and silently invite me to read them.—— And what would these dumb Monitors inform me of?—— Why, That beneath their little Circumferences were deposited such and such Pieces of Clay, that once lived, and moved, and talked: That they had received a Charge to preserve their Names, and were the remaining Trustees of their Memory.

AH! said I, is such my Situation! The adorable Creator around me, and the Bones of my Fellow-creatures under me! Surely, then, I have great Reason to cry out with the revering Patriarch, *How dreadful is this Place!* Seriousness and Devotion becometh this House for ever. May I never enter it

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lightly or irreverently; but with a profound Awe, and godly Fear!

Oh! that they were wiſe !* ſaid the inſpired Penman. It was his laſt Wiſh for his dear People: He breathed it out, and gave up the Ghoſt. — But what is Wiſdom? It conſiſts not in refined Speculations, accurate Reſearches into Nature, or an univerſal Acquaintance with Hiſtory. The divine Lawgiver ſettles this important Point in his next Aſpiration: *Oh! that they underſtood this!* That they had right Apprehenſions of their ſpiritual Intereſts, and eternal Concerns! That they had Eyes to diſcern, and Inclinations to purſue, the Things which belong to their Peace! — But how ſhall they attain this valuable Knowlege? I ſend them not, adds the illuſtrious Teacher, to turn over all the Volumes of Literature: They may much more expeditiouſly acquire this Science of Life, by *conſidering their latter End.* This *Spark* of Heaven is often loſt under the *Glitter* of pompous Erudition; but ſhines clearly in the gloomy Manſions of the Tomb. Drowned is this gentle *Whiſper*, amidſt the *Noiſe* of mortal Affairs; but ſpeaks

* Deut. xxxii. 29.

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ſpeaks diſtinctly in the Retirements of ſerious Contemplation. —— Behold! How providentially I am brought to the School of Wiſdom! The Grave is the moſt faithful * Maſter, and theſe Inſtances of Mortality the moſt inſtructive Leſſons. —— Come then, calm Attention, and compoſe my Thoughts! Come, thou celeſtial Spirit, and enlighten my Mind; that I may ſo peruſe theſe awful Pages, as to become "wiſe unto Salvation."

Examining the Records of Mortality, I found the Memorials of a † *promiſcuous Multitude*. They were huddled together, without any Diſtinction of Rank or Seniority. None were ambitious of the uppermoſt Rooms, or chief Seats, in this Houſe of Mourning. None lay in fond and eager Expectation of honourable Greetings, in their darkſome Cells. The Servant was lodged in the ſame Story with his Maſter. The Man of Years and Experience was paired with an Infant of Days. He who was reputed as an Oracle in his Generation, ſlept at the Feet of a Babe.

* Wait the great Teacher, Death. *Pope.*

† *Miſta Senum ac Juvenum denſantur Funera.* Hor.

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WHY then, ſaid my working Thoughts, oh! why, ſhould we raiſe ſuch a mighty Stir about *Superiority* and *Precedence*, when the next Remove will reduce us all to a State of equal Meanneſs? Why ſhould we exalt ourſelves, or debaſe others, ſince we muſt all one Day be upon a common Level, and blended together in the ſame undiſtinguiſhed Duſt? Oh! that this Conſideration might humble my own, and others Pride; and ſink our Imaginations as low, as our Habitation will ſhortly be!

AMONG theſe confuſed Relicks of Humanity, there are, without doubt, Perſons of *contrary Intereſts, and contradicting Sentiments:* But Death, like ſome able Daysman, has laid his Hand on the contending Parties, and brought all their Differences to an * amicable Concluſion. Here Enemies, ſworn Enemies, dwell together in Unity. They drop every imbittered Thought, and forget that they once were Foes. Perhaps their crumbling Bones mix as they moulder;

* *Hi Motus Animorum, atque hæc Certamina tanta Pulveris exigui Jactu compreſſa quieſcent.* Virg.

and

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and those who, while they lived, stood aloof in irreconcileable Variance, here fall into mutual Embraces, and even incorporate with each other in the Grave. —— Oh! that we might learn from these friendly Ashes, not to perpetuate the Memory of Injuries, not to foment the Fever of Resentment, nor cherish the Turbulence of Passion; that there may be as little Animosity and Disagreement in the Land of the Living, as there is in the Congregation of the Dead! —— But I suspend for a while such general Observations, and address myself to a more particular Inquiry.

YONDER *white Stone*, Emblem of the Innocence it covers, informs the Beholder of one, who breathed out its tender Soul, almost in the Instant of receiving it. —— There the peaceful *Infant*, without so much as knowing what Labour and Vexation mean, "*lies still and is quiet; it sleeps "and is at Rest." Staying only to wash away its native Impurity in the Laver of Regeneration, it bid a speedy Adieu to Time

*Job iii. 13.

and

and terreſtrial Things. —— What did the little haſty Sojourner find ſo forbidding and diſguſtful in our upper World, to occaſion its precipitant Exit? 'Tis written, indeed, of its ſuffering Saviour, that when He had taſted the Vinegar mingled with Gall, He would not drink: And did our new-come Stranger begin to ſip the Cup of Life, but, perceiving the *Bitterneſs*, turn away its Head, and refuſe the Draught? Was this the Cauſe, why the wary Babe only open'd its Eyes, juſt looked on the Light, and then withdrew into the more inviting Regions of undiſturb'd Repoſe?

O! fortunate Voyager, that waſt no ſooner *launched*, than *arrived* at the *Haven!* —— But more happy they, who have paſſed the Waves, and weathered all the Storms, of a troubleſome and dangerous World; who, "through many Tribulations, have entered "into the Kingdom of Heaven;" and thereby brought Honour to their Divine Convoy, adminiſtred Comfort to the Companions of their Toil, and left an inſtructive Example to ſucceeding Pilgrims.

O! happy Probationer! *accepted* without being *exerciſed!* It was thy peculiar Privilege

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lege not to feel the ſlighteſt of thoſe Evils which afflict thy ſurviving Kindred; which frequently fetch Groans from the moſt manly Fortitude, or moſt elevated Faith. The Arrows of *Calamity*, barbed with Anguiſh, are often planted deep in our choiceſt Comforts. The fiery Darts of *Temptation*, ſhot from the Hand of Hell, are always flying in Showers around our Integrity. To thee, ſweet Babe, both theſe Diſtreſſes and Dangers were alike unknown. —— Conſider this, ye mourning Parents, and dry up your Tears. Why ſhould you lament, that your little ones are crown'd with Victory, before the Sword was drawn, or the Conflict begun? —— At the ſame time, let Survivors, doomed *to bear the Heat and Burden of the Day*, reflect, for their Encouragement, That it is more honourable to have enter'd the Liſts, and to have fought the good Fight, before they come off Conquerors. Theſe, having glorified their Redeemer on Earth, will, probably, be as *Stars of the firſt Magnitude* in Heaven. They will ſhine with brighter Beams, be repleniſhed with ſtronger Joys, in their LORD's everlaſting Kingdom.

HERE lies the Grief of a fond Mother, and the blasted Expectations of an indulgent Father. —— The *Youth* grew up, like a well-watered Plant; he shot deep, rose high, and bid fair for Manhood: But just as the Cedar began to tour, and promised ere long to be the Pride of the Wood, and Prince among the neighbouring Trees; —— behold! The Ax is laid unto the Root; the fatal Blow struck; and all its branching Honours tumbled to the Dust. —— And did he fall alone? O! no: The Hopes of his Father that begat him, and the pleasing Prospects of her that bare him, fell, and were crushed together with him.

DOUBTLESS, it would have pierced one's Heart, to have beheld the tender Parents following the breathless Boy to his long Home: Perhaps, drowned in Tears, and all overwhelmed with Sorrows, they stood, like weeping Statues, on this very Spot. —— Methinks, I see the deeply-distressed Mourners attending the sad Solemnity: How they wring their Hands, and pour Floods from their Eyes! —— Is it Fancy! or do I really hear the passionate *Mother*, in an Agony of Affliction, taking her final Leave of *the*

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Darling of her Soul! Dumb she remained while the awful Obsequies were performing; dumb with Grief, and leaning upon the Partner of her Woes. But now the inward Anguish struggles for Vent; it grows too big to be repressed. She advances to the Brink of the Grave. All her Soul is in her Eyes. She fastens one more Look upon the dear doleful Object, before the Pit shuts its Mouth upon him. And as she looks she cries; —— in broken Accents, interrupted by many a rising Sob, she cries, "Farewell, my Son! "my Son! my only Beloved! —— Would "to GOD I had died for thee! —— Fare- "well, my Child! and farewell, all my "earthly Happiness! —— I shall never more "see Good in the Land of the Living. —— "Attempt not to comfort me. —— I will "go mourning all my Days, till my grey "Hairs come down with Sorrow to the "Grave."

FROM this affecting Representation, let Parents be convinced, how highly it concerns them to *cultivate the Morals, and secure the immortal Interests* of their Children. —— If you really love the Offspring of your own Bodies; if your Bowels yearn

over those amiable Pledges of conjugal Endearment; O! spare no Pains; give all Diligence, I intreat you, to "bring them "up in the Nurture and Admonition of "the LORD." Then may you have Joy in their Life, or Consolation in their Death. If their Span is prolong'd, their unblameable and useful Conduct will be the Staff of your Age, and a Balm for declining Nature. Or, if the Number of their Years be cut off in the midst, you may commit their Remains to the Dust, with much the same comfortable Expectations, and with infinitely more exalted Views, than you send the Survivors to *Places* of *genteel Education*. You may commit them to the Ground, with chearing Hopes of receiving them again to your Arms, inexpressibly improved in every noble and endearing Accomplishment.

'Tis certainly a severe Trial, and much more afflictive than I am able to imagine, to resign a lovely blooming Creature, sprung from your own Loins, to the gloomy Recesses of Corruption; after having been long dandled upon your Knees, united to your Affections by a thousand Ties of Tenderness, and now become both "the Delight

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" of your Eyes," and Support of your Family: To have such a one torn from your Bosom, and thrown into Darkness, doubtless, it must be like a Dagger in your Hearts. ——But O! how much more cutting to you, and confounding to the Child, to have the Soul separated from GOD; and for *shameful Ignorance*, or *early Impiety*, consigned over to Places of eternal Torment! How would it aggravate your Distress, and add a distracting Emphasis to all your Sighs, if you should follow the pale Corpse with such bitter Reflections? —— " This dear " Creature, though long ago capable of " knowing Good from Evil, is gone *out* " of the World, before it had learned the " great Design of coming *into* it. A short-" lived momentary Existence it received " from me; but no holy Instructions, no-" thing to further its Well-being in that " everlasting State, upon which it is now " entered. The *poor Body* is nailed up " in a Coffin, and carried out to putrefy " in the Earth. And what Reason have I " to suppose, that the *precious Soul* is in a " better Condition? May I not justly fear, " that, sentenced by the righteous Judge,

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"it is going, or gone away, into the Pains "of endless Punishment! — Perhaps, while "I am bewailing its untimely Departure, it "may be cursing, in outer Darkness, that "ever to be deplored, that most calami-"tous Day, when it was born of such a "careless ungodly Parent as I have been."

NOTHING, I think, but the Gnawings of that Worm which never dies, can equal the Anguish of these self-condemning Thoughts. The Tortures of a Rack must be an easy Suffering, compared with the Stings and Horror of such a Remorse. — How earnestly do I wish, that as many as are intrusted with the Management of Children, would take timely Care to prevent those intolerable Scourges of Conscience, by endeavouring to conduct their Minds into an early *Knowledge* of Christ, and a cordial *Love* of his Truth!

ON this Hand is lodged one, whose Sepulchral Stone tells a most pitiable Tale indeed! Well may the *little Images*, reclin'd over the sleeping Ashes, hang down their Heads with that pensive Air! None can consider so mournful a Story without feeling some

Touches

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Touches of ſympathizing Concern. —— His *Age* Twenty-eight; his Death ſudden; himſelf cut down in the *Prime* of Life, amidſt all the Vivacity and Vigour of *Manhood*; "while his Breaſts were full of Milk, and "his Bones moiſtened with Marrow." —— Probably, he entertained no Apprehenſions of the evil Hour: And indeed, who could have ſuſpected, that ſo bright a Sun ſhould go down at Noon! To human Appearance his Hill ſtood ſtrong: Length of Days ſeem'd written in his ſanguine Countenance: He ſolaced himſelf with the Proſpect of a long, long Series of earthly Satisfactions. —— When, lo! an unexpected Stroke deſcends! deſcends from that mighty Arm, which "overturneth the Mountains by the Roots, "and cruſhes the imaginary Hero **before the* "*Moth*;" as quickly, and more eaſily, than our Fingers ſqueeze ſuch a feeble fluttering Inſect to Death.

PER-

* *Job* iv. 19. יכּי מנּי עש — *Ad inſtar, ad modum Tineæ.*— I retain this Interpretation, both as it is moſt ſuitable to my Purpoſe, and as it is patronized by ſome eminent Commentators; eſpecially the celebrated *Schultens*. Though I cannot but give the Preference to the Opinion of a judicious Friend, who would render the Paſſage

PERHAPS, the *nuptial Joys* were all he thought on. — Were not ſuch the Breathings of his enamoured Soul? "Yet a very "little while, and I ſhall poſſeſs the utmoſt "of my Wiſhes: I ſhall call my Charmer "mine; and, in her, enjoy whatever my "Heart can crave." — O! dreadful Viciſſitude! to have the *bridal* * *Feſtivity* turned into the *funeral Solemnity*. O! deplorable Misfortune! to be ſhipwrecked even in the Haven! and periſh in Sight of Happineſs! — What a memorable Proof is here

Paſſage more literally, *Before the Face of a Moth.* Which, beſides its cloſer Correſpondence with the exact Import of the *Hebrew*, preſents us with a much finer Image of the moſt extreme Imbecillity! For it certainly implies a far greater Degree of Weakneſs, to be cruſhed by the feeble Flutter of the feebleſt Creature, than only to be cruſhed as eaſily as that Creature, by the Hand of Man. — The *French* Verſion is very expreſſive and beautiful; *à la Rencontre d'un Vermiſſeau.*

* A Diſtreſs of this Kind is finely painted by *Pliny*, in an Epiſtle to *Marcellinus*: *O triſte planè acerbumque Funus! O Morte ipſâ Mortis Tempus indignius! Jam deſtinata erat egregio Juveni; jam electus Nuptiarum Dies; jam nos advocati. Quod Gaudium quo Mœrore mutatum eſt? Non poſſum exprimere Verbis, quantum Animo Vulnus acceperim, quum audivi Fundanum ipſum (ut multa luctuoſa Dolor invenit) præcipientem, quod in Veſtes, Margaritas, Gemmas fuerat eregaturus, hoc in Thura & Unguenta, & Odores impenderetur.*

Plin. Lib. v. Epiſt. 16.

of

of the *Frailty of Man*, in his beſt Eſtate! Look, O, look on this Monument, ye Gay and Careleſs! Attend to this Date; and boaſt no more of To-morrow!

WHO can tell, but the Bride-maids, girded with Gladneſs, had prepared the Marriage-Bed? Had decked it with the richeſt Covers, and dreſſed it in Pillows of Down? When ——Oh! truſt not in Youth, or Strength, or in any Thing mortal; for there is nothing certain, nothing to be depended on, beneath the unchangeable GOD. —— Death, relentleſs Death, is making him another Kind of Bed in the Duſt of the Earth. Unto this he muſt be conveyed, not with a ſplendid Proceſſion of joyous Attendants, but ſtretched in the gloomy Hearſe, and followed by a Train of Mourners. On this he muſt take up a lonely Lodging, nor ever be releaſed, "till the Heavens are no more." —— In vain does the conſenting Fair-one put on her Ornaments, and expect her Spouſe. Did ſhe not, like *Siſera*'s Mother, look out of the Lattice; chide the Delays of her Beloved; and wonder "why his Chariot was ſo long "in coming?" Little thinking, that the intended Bridegroom had for ever done with

tranſitory

transitory Things! That now everlasting *Cares* employ his Mind, without one single Remembrance of his lovely *Lucinda!* — Go, disappointed Virgin! go mourn the Uncertainty of all created Bliss! Teach thy Soul to aspire after a sure and immutable Felicity! For the once gay and gallant *Fidelio* sleeps in other Embraces; even in the icy Arms of Death! Forgetful, eternally forgetful, of the *World* — and *thee.*

HITHERTO one is tempted to exclaim against the *King of Terrors*, and call him *capriciously cruel.* He seems, by beginning at the wrong End of the Register, to have inverted the Laws of Nature. Passing over the Couch of decrepit Age, he has nipped *Infancy* in its Bud; blasted *Youth* in its Bloom; and torn up *Manhood* in its full Maturity. — Terrible indeed are these Providences, yet not unsearchable the Counsels.

*For us they sicken, and for us they die.**

Strokes SUCH Thoughts must not only *grieve* the *Relatives*, but *surprize* the whole Neighbourhood. They sound a powerful Alarm to heedless dreaming Mortals, and are

* Complaint.

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are intended as a *Remedy* for our *carnal Security*. Such Paſſing-Bells inculcate loudly our LORD's Admonition: "Take ye heed, "watch, and pray; for ye know not when "the Time is." — We nod, like intoxicated Creatures, upon the very Verge of a tremendous Precipice. Theſe aſtoniſhing Diſpenſations are the kind Meſſengers of Heaven, to rouſe us from our Supineneſs, and quicken us into timely Circumſpection. I need not, ſurely, accommodate them with Language, nor act as their Interpreter. Let every one's Conſcience be awake, and this will appear their awful Meaning — "O! "ye Sons of Men, in the Midſt of Life "you are in Death. No State, no Circumſtances, can aſcertain your Preſervation "a ſingle Moment. So *ſtrong* is the Tyrant's Arm, that nothing can reſiſt its "Force; ſo *un-erring* his Aim, that nothing "can elude the Blow: *Sudden* as Lightening "ſometimes is his Arrow launched, and "wounds and kills in the Twinkling of "an Eye. Never promiſe yourſelves Safety "in any Expedient, but conſtant Preparation. The fatal Shafts fly ſo promiſcuouſly, "that none can gueſs the next Victim.

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" Therefore, *be ye always ready*; *for in* " *ſuch an Hour as ye think not*, the final " Summons cometh."

No ſooner turned from one *Memento* of my own, and Memorial of another's *Deceaſe*, but a ſecond, a third, a long Succeſſion of theſe melancholy Monitors crowd upon my Sight. —— That which has fixed my Obſervation, is one of a more *grave* and ſable *Aſpect* than the former. I ſuppoſe, it preſerves the Relics of a more aged Perſon. One would conjecture, that he made ſomewhat of a Figure in his Station among the Living, as his Monument does among the Funeral Marbles. Let me draw near, and inquire of the Stone, " Who or what is " beneath its Surface?" —— I am inform'd, He was once the Owner of a conſiderable Eſtate; which was much improved by his own Application and Management: That he left the World in the buſy Period of Life, advanced a little beyond the Meridian. —— Probably, replied my muſing Mind, one of thoſe indefatigable Drudges, who riſe early, late take Reſt, and eat the Bread of Carefulneſs, not to ſecure the Loving-kindneſs of

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the LORD; not to make Proviſion for any reaſonable Neceſſity; but only to amaſs together ten thouſand times more than they can poſſibly uſe. Did he not lay Schemes for inlarging his Fortune, and aggrandizing his Family? Did he not purpoſe to join Field to Field, and add Houſe to Houſe, till his Poſſeſſions were almoſt as vaſt as his Deſires? That then he would * ſit down, and enjoy what he had acquired; breathe a while from his toilſome Purſuit of Things temporal, and, perhaps, think a little of Things eternal.

BUT ſee the *Folly* of *worldly Wiſdom!* How ſilly, how childiſh, is the Sagacity of (what is called) manly and maſterly Prudence, when it contrives more ſolicitouſly for Time, than it provides for Eternity! How ſtrangely infatuated are thoſe ſubtil Heads, that weary themſelves in concerting Meaſures for *Shadows* of a *Day*, and ſcarce beſtow a Thought on *everlaſting Realities!* —— When every Wheel moves on ſmoothly; when all the well-diſpoſed Deſigns are ripening

* *Hac mente laborem*
Seſe ferre, ſenes ut in otia tuta recedant,
Aiunt, cum ſibi ſint congeſta cibaria. Hor.

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apace for Execution; and the long-expected Criſis of Enjoyment ſeems to approach; behold! GOD from on high laughs at the Babel-builder; Death touches the labour'd Bubble, and immediately it breaks. The Cob-web, moſt finely ſpun indeed, but more eaſily diſlodged, is ſwept away in an Inſtant; and all the abortive Projects are buried in the ſame Grave with their Projector. So true is that Verdict, which the Wiſdom from above paſſes on theſe *ſucceſsful Unfortunates*: "They walk in a vain Shadow, and diſquiet "themſelves in vain."

SPEAK, ye, that attended ſuch a one in his laſt Minutes; ye, that heard his expiring Sentiments; did he not cry out, in the Language of diſappointed Senſuality, "O Death! "How bitter is the Remembrance of thee, "to a Man that has devoted himſelf to "the Purſuit of *preſent* Satisfactions, and "exerciſed no Concern for the never-end-"ing *Hereafter*. Where, alas! is the Pro-"fit, where the Comfort, of entering deep "into the Knowlege, and of being dextrous "in the Diſpatch, of earthly Affairs, ſince "I have neglected *the one Thing needful?* "O deſtructive Miſtake! I have been atten-

"tive

" tive to every *inferior Intereſt*, but have " diſregarded *Heaven*, have forgot *eternal* " *Ages!*" — May the *Children of this World* be warned by the dying Words of an unhappy Brother, and gather Advantage from his Misfortune. Why ſhould they pant with impatient Ardor after White and Yellow Earth, as if the Univerſe did not afford ſufficient for every one to take a little? Why ſhould they lade themſelves with thick Clay, when they are to " run for an incorruptible " Crown, and preſs towards the Prize of their " high Calling?" Why ſhould they over-load the Veſſel, in which their everlaſting All is embarked; or fill their Arms with Superfluities, when they are to ſwim for their Lives? Yet, ſo prepoſterous is the Conduct of thoſe Perſons, who are *all Induſtry*, to heap up an Abundance of the Wealth which periſheth; but are ſcarce ſo much as *faintly deſirous* of being rich towards GOD.

O! that we may walk from henceforth through all theſe glittering Toys, at leaſt with a wiſe Indifference, if not with a ſuperior Diſdain! Having enough for the Conveniencies of Life, let us only *accommodate ourſelves* with Things below, and *lay up*

our

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our Treaſures in the Regions above. —— Whereas, if we indulge an anxious Concern, or laviſh an inordinate Care, on any tranſitory Poſſeſſions, we ſhall rivet them to our Affections with ſo firm an Union, that the utmoſt Severity of Pain muſt attend the ſeparating Stroke. By ſuch an eager Attachment to what will certainly be raviſhed from us, we ſhall only inſure to ourſelves accumulated Anguiſh againſt the agonizing Hour: We ſhall plant aforehand our dying Pillow with Thorns.

SOME, I perceive, arrived at *Threeſcore Years and ten*, before they made their Exit; nay, ſome few reſigned not their Breath, till they had numbered *Fourſcore* revolving Harveſts. ——Theſe, I would hope, "remember'd "their Creator in the Days of their Youth;" before their Strength became Labour and Sorrow; before that low Ebb of languiſhing Nature, when they had too much Reaſon to ſay, "We have neither Pleaſure nor Vigour left." If their Lamps were unfurniſhed with Oil, how unfit muſt they be, in ſuch decrepit Circumſtances, to go to the Market, and buy? For, beſides a Variety of Diſorders ariſing from the enfeebled

enfeebled Conſtitution, their Corruptions muſt be ſurpriſingly ſtrengthened by ſuch a long Courſe of Irreligion. Evil Habits muſt have ſtruck the deepeſt Root, muſt have twiſted themſelves with every Fibre of the Heart; and be as thoroughly ingrained in the Diſpoſition, as the Soot in the *Ethiopian*'s Complexion, or the Spots in the Leopard's Skin. If ſuch a one, under ſuch Diſadvantages, ſurmounts all the Difficulties that lie in his Way to Glory, it muſt be a great and mighty Salvation indeed. If ſuch a one eſcapes Deſtruction, and is ſaved at the laſt, it muſt, without all peradventure, be *ſo as by Fire.*

THIS is the Seaſon that ſtands in need of *Comfort*, and is very improper to enter upon the *Conflict*. The Husbandman ſhould now be putting in his Sickle, or eating the Fruit of his Labours; not beginning to break up the Ground, or ſcatter the Seed. — Nothing, 'tis true, is impoſſible with GOD: He ſaid, *Let there be Light, and there was Light:* Inſtantaneous Light, diffuſed, as quick as Thought, through all the diſmal Dominion of primeval Darkneſs. At his Command, a Leproſy of the longeſt Continuance, and

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and utmoſt Inveteracy, departs in a Moment. He can, in the Greatneſs of his Strength, quicken the Wretch, that has lain dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins, not *four Days* only, but *fourſcore Years.* —— Yet truſt not, O truſt not, a Point of ſuch inexpreſſible Importance, to ſo dreadful an Uncertainty. GOD may ſuſpend his Power; may withdraw his Help; may ſwear in his Wrath, that ſuch Abuſers of his Long-ſuffering ſhall "never enter into "his Reſt."

YE therefore, that are *vigorous in Health*, and *blooming in Youth*, improve the precious Opportunity. Improve your golden Hours to the nobleſt of all Purpoſes. Stand not, all the *Prime* of your *Day*, idle; but make Haſte, and delay not the Time, to keep GOD's Commandments. While you are loitering in a gay Inſenſibility, Death may be bending his Bow, and marking you out for ſpeedy Victims.——Not long ago I happened to ſpy a thoughtleſs *Jay*. The poor Bird was idly buſied in dreſſing his pretty Plumes, or hopping careleſly from Spray to Spray. A Sportſman coming by, obſerves the feather'd Rover. Immediately he lifts the Tube, and levels his Blow. Swifter than Whirlwind flies the leaden

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leaden Death; and, in a Moment, lays the ſilly Creature, breathleſs on the Ground. —— Such, *ſuch*, may be the Fate of the Man, that has a fair Occaſion of *obtaining* Grace To-Day, and wantonly *poſtpones* the Improvement of it till To-Morrow. He may be cut off in the midſt of his Folly, and ruined *for ever*, while He is dreaming of being *wiſe hereafter*.

SOME, no doubt, came to this their laſt Retreat, *full of Piety*, and *full of Days*; "as a Shock of Corn, ripe with Age, and "laden with Plenty, cometh in, in his Sea-"ſon." —— Theſe were Children of Light, and *wiſe* in their Generation; wiſe towards GOD; wiſe for their moſt important Concerns; and wiſe for that bliſsful Eternity, they now inherit. —— *Rich* alſo they were, more honourably and permanently rich, than all the Votaries of Mammon. The Wealth of the *One* has made itſelf Wings, and is irrecoverably gone; while the wretched Acquirers are tranſmitted to that Place of Penury and Pain, where not ſo much as one Drop of Water is allowed to cool their ſcorched Tongues: Whereas the Stores of the *other* ſtill abide with

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them; will never depart from them; but make them glad for Ever and Ever in the City of their GOD. Their Treaſures were ſuch, as no created Power could take away; ſuch as none but infinite Beneficence can beſtow; and (Oh! comfortable to conſider!) ſuch as I, and every indigent longing Sinner, may obtain; Treaſures of heavenly Knowlege, and ſaving Faith; Treaſures of atoning Blood, and imputed Righteouſneſs.

HERE * lie their *Bodies* in quiet Reſting-places. Here they have thrown off every *Burthen*,

* SOME, I know, are offended at our burying Corpſes within the Church, and exclaim againſt it as a very great Impropriety and Indecency: But this, I imagine, proceeds from an exceſſive and miſtaken Delicacy. Let proper Care be taken to ſecure from Injury the Foundations of the Building, and to prevent the Exhalation of any noxious Effluvia from the putrefying Fleſh; and I cannot diſcover any Inconveniencies attending this Practice.

THE Notion, that noiſome Carcaſes (as they are called) are very unbecoming a Place conſecrated to religious Purpoſes, ſeems to be founded on an antiquated *Jewiſh* Canon: Whereby it was declared, that a dead Body imparted Defilement to the Perſon, who touched it; and polluted the Spot, where it was lodged. On which Account, the *Jews* were ſcrupulouſly careful to have their Sepulchres built at a Diſtance from their Houſes; and made it a Point of Conſcience not to ſuffer

Burthen, and are escaped from every *Snare*. The Head ach's no more; the Eye forgets to weep; the Flesh is no longer racked with acute,

suffer any Cemeteries to subsist in the City. But as this was a Rite purely ceremonial, it seems to be intirely superseded by the Gospel Dispensation.

I CANNOT forbear thinking, that, under the Christian Œconomy, there is a Propriety and Usefulness in the Custom. —— *Usefulness*, because it must render our solemn Assemblies more venerable and awful. For when we walk over the Dust of our Friends, or kneel upon the Ashes of our Relations, this awakening Circumstance must strike a lively Impression of our own Mortality. And what Consideration can be more effectual, to make us serious and attentive in Hearing, earnest and importunate in Praying? —— As for the *Fitness* of the Usage, it seems perfectly suitable to the Design of those sacred Edifices. They are set apart for GOD; not only to receive his Worshippers, but to preserve the Furniture for holy Ministrations, and what is in a peculiar Manner appropriated to the Divine Majesty. And are not the *Bodies of the Saints* the *Almighty's Property?* Were they not once the Objects of his *tender Love*, and still the Subjects of his *special Care?* Has He not given Commandment concerning the Bones of his Elect, and charged the Ocean, and injoined the Grave, to keep them till *that Day?* Are they not precious in His Esteem? So precious, that when Mountains bright with Gems, or rich with Mines, are abandoned to the devouring Flames; These shall be rescued from the fiery Ruin: These shall be translated into JEHOVAH's Kingdom, and, conjointly with the Soul, made "his Jewels," made "his peculiar Treasure;" made to shine as the Brightness of the Firmament, and as the Stars for Ever and Ever.

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acute, nor pines away under lingering, Diſtempers. Here they find a final Releaſe from Pain, and an everlaſting Diſcharge from Sorrows. Here Danger never threattens them with her terrifying Alarms; but Tranquillity ſoftens their Couch, and Safety guards their Repoſe. — Reſt then, ye precious Relicks, within this hoſpitable

IS not CHRIST *the LORD of our Bodies?* Are they not bought with a Price? Bought, not with corruptible Things, Silver and Gold, but with his Divine Blood. And if the bleſſed JESUS purchaſed the Redemption of our Bodies at ſo infinitely dear a rate, can it enter into our Hearts to conceive, that he ſhould diſlike to have them repoſed under his own Habitation? ——— Once more; Are not the Bodies of the Faithful *Temples of the Holy Ghoſt?* And is there not, upon this Suppoſition, an apparent *Propriety*, rather than the leaſt *Indecorum*, in remitting theſe Temples of Fleſh to the Temple made with Hands? They are Veſſels of Honour, Inſtruments of Righteouſneſs, and, even when broken by Death, like the Fragments of a golden Bowl, are valuable; are worthy to be laid up in the ſafeſt, moſt honourable Repoſitories.

UPON the Whole; ſince the LORD JESUS has purchaſed them at the Expence of his Blood, and the bleſſed Spirit has honoured them with his in-dwelling Preſence; ſince they are right dear in the Sight of the adorable Trinity, and undoubted Heirs of a glorious Immortality; Why ſhould it be thought a Thing improper, to admit them to a tranſient Reſt in their Heavenly Father's Houſe? Why may they not lie down and ſleep in the *outer Courts*, ſince they are ſoon to be introduced into the *inmoſt Manſions of* everlaſting Honour and Joy?

Gloom;

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Gloom; reſt in gentle Slumbers, till the laſt Trumpet ſhall give the welcome Signal, and ſound aloud through all your ſilent Manſions, "Ariſe; ſhine; for your Light is "come, and the Glory of the LORD is "riſen upon You."

To theſe how *calm* was the *Evening of Life!* In what a ſmiling Serenity did their Sun go down! When their Fleſh and their Heart failed, how reviving was the Remembrance of an All-ſufficient Redeemer; once dying for *their* Sins, now riſen again for *their* Juſtification! How chearing the well-grounded Hope of Pardon for their Tranſgreſſions, and Peace with GOD, through JESUS CHRIST our LORD! How did this aſſuage the Agonies, and ſweeten the Bitterneſs of Death! —— Where now is *Wealth*, with all her golden Mountains? Where is *Honour*, with her proud Trophies of Renown? Where are all the *vain Pomps* of a deluded *World?* Can they adminiſter any Support in this laſt Extremity? Can they compoſe the affrighted Thoughts, or buoy up the departing Soul amidſt all the Pangs of Diſſolution? —— The Followers of the Lamb ſeem pleaſed and triumphant even at their laſt Gaſp. "GOD's everlaſting Arms are "under-

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" underneath" their fainting Heads. His Spirit whiſpers Peace and Conſolation to their Conſciences. In the Strength of theſe heavenly Succours, they quit the Field of Battle, not *Captives*, but *Conquerors*; with " Hopes full of Immortality."

AND now they are gone. — The Struggles of reluctant Nature are over. The Body ſleeps in Death; the Soul launches into the *inviſible State*. — But who can imagine the delightful Surprize, when they find themſelves ſurrounded by guardian Angels, inſtead of weeping Friends? How ſecurely do they wing their way, and paſs through unknown Worlds, under the Conduct of theſe celeſtial Guides! — The Vale of Tears is quite loſt. Farewel, for Ever, the Realms of Woe, and Range of malignant Beings! They arrive on the Frontiers of inexpreſſible Felicity. They " are " come to the City of the Living GOD:" While a Voice, ſweeter than Muſic in her ſofteſt Strains, ſweet as the Harmony of hymning Seraphims, congratulates their Arrival, and beſpeaks their Admiſſion: " Lift up your Heads, O ye Gates; and " be ye lift up, ye everlaſting Doors; that " the Heirs of Glory may enter in."

HERE,

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HERE, then, let us leave "the *Spirits and Souls of the Righteous*;" escaped from an entangling Wilderness, and received into a Paradise of Delights! escaped from the Territories of Disquietude, and settled in Regions of unmolested Security! Here they sit down with *Abraham*, *Isaac*, and *Jacob*, in the Kingdom of their Father. Here they mingle with an innumerable Company of Angels, and rejoice around the Throne of the Lamb; rejoice in the *Fruition* of *present* Felicity, and in the *assured Expectation* of an inconceivable Addition to their Bliss; when "GOD shall "call the Heavens from above, and the "Earth, that he may judge his People."—— "Fools accounted their Life Madness, and "their End to be without Honour: But how "are they numbered among the Children of "GOD, and their Lot is among the Saints!" However, then, an undiscerning World may despise, and a profane World vilify, the truly Religious; be this the invariable Desire of my Heart! "Let me live the Life, and die "the Death, of the Righteous. Oh! let "my latter End, and future State, be like "theirs!"

WHAT

WHAT Figure is That, which ſtrikes my Eye, from an eminent Part of the Wall? It is not only in a more elevated Situation than the reſt, but carries a more ſplendid and ſumptuous Air than ordinary. Swords and Spears, murthering Engines, and Inſtruments of Slaughter, adorn the Stone with a formidable Magnificence. —— It proves to be the *Monument* of a *noble Warrior.*

Is ſuch Reſpect, thought I, paid to the Memory of this brave Soldier, for ſacrificeing his Life to the *publick Good?* —— Then what Honours, what immortal Honours, are due to *His* moſt precious Name, who willingly gave Himſelf a bleeding Propitiation for Sinners! The *One* died, being a Mortal; and only yielded up a Life, that was long before forfeited to Divine Juſtice; which muſt ſoon have been ſurrendered as *a Debt to Nature*, if it had not fallen as *a Prey to War:* —— But CHRIST took Fleſh, and gave up the Ghoſt, though he was the Bleſſed and Only Potentate. He, who thought it no Robbery to be *Equal with God*; He, whoſe Outgoings were *from everlaſting*; even He, was made in the *Likeneſs of Man*, and

and *eat off* out of the Land of the Living. Wonder, O Heavens! Be aſtoniſhed, O Earth! *He* died the Death, of whom it is witneſſed, that He is "true GOD, and eter-"nal Life."

THE *one expoſed* Himſelf *to Peril*, in the Service of his King and Country; which, though it was glorious to do, yet would have been ignominious, in ſuch Circumſtances, to have declined. But CHRIST took the Field, though he was ſure to drop in the Engagement. CHRIST put on the Harneſs, though He knew before-hand, it muſt reek with his Blood. CHRIST reſigned Himſelf not to the *Hazard*, but to the *inevitable Stroke*; to certain Death. —— And for whom? Not for thoſe who were in any Degree deſerving; but for his own diſobedient Creatures; for the Pardon of condemned Malefactors; for a Band of Rebels, a Race of Traitors, the moſt obnoxious and inexcuſable of all Criminals; whom He might have left to periſh in their Iniquities, without the leaſt *Impeachment* of his *Goodneſs*; nay, to the advantageous *Diſplay* of his avenging *Juſtice*.

THE *One*, 'tis probable, died *expeditiously*; was soon wounded, and soon slain: A Bullet lodged in his Heart, a Sword sheathed in his Breast, or a Battle-ax cleaving the Brain, might put a speedy End to his Misery; dispatch him "as in a Moment:" —— Whereas, the Divine Redeemer expired in *tedious* and protracted *Torments*. His Pangs were as *lingering*, as they were *exquisite*. Even in the Prelude to his last Sufferings, what a Load of Sorrows overwhelmed his sacred Humanity! till the intolerable Pressure wrung Blood, instead of Sweat, from every Pore; till the crimson Flood bathed his Body, stained all his Raiment, and tinged the very Stones. —— But when the last Scene of the Tragedy commenced; when the Executioner's Hammer had nailed him to the Cross; Oh! how many dismal Hours did that illustrious Sufferer hang! tentered all the while on the keenest Edge of mortal Pain. So long he hung, that Nature, through all her Dominions, was thrown into sympathizing Commotions. The Earth cou'd no longer sustain such barbarous Indignities, without trembling; nor the Sun behold them, without

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out Horror. Nay, ſo long did he hang in this Extremity of Torture, that the Alarm reached even the remote Regions of the Dead. —— Never, O my Soul, never forget the amazing Truth! The Lamb of GOD was worried, was ſlaughtered with the utmoſt Inhumanity, and endured *Death* in all its *Bitterneſs* for thee. His Murtherers, ſtudiouſly cruel, ſo guided the fatal Cup, that he taſted every Drop of its Gall, before he drank it off to the very Dregs.

ONCE again; The *One* died like a *Hero*, and fell gallantly in the Field of Battle. —— But died not CHRIST "*as a Fool dieth?*" Not on the *Bed of Honour*, with Scars of Glory in his Breaſt; but, like ſome execrable Miſcreant, *on a Gibbet*; with Laſhes of the vile Scourge on his Back. Yes, the bleſſed JESUS bowed his expiring Head on the accurſed Tree, and poured out his Soul betwixt two infamous Felons; ſuſpended between Heaven and Earth, as an Outcaſt from Both, and unworthy of Either.

OH! what ſuitable Returns of inflamed and adoring Devotion can we make to the *Holy One of* GOD, thus dying, that *we* might live? Dying in Ignominy and An-

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Anguish, that we might live for ever in the Heights of Joy, and sit for ever on Thrones of Glory. —— Alas! it is not in us, impotent, insensible Mortals, to be duly thankful. He only, who confers such inconceivably rich Favours, can enkindle a proper Warmth of grateful Affection. Then build thyself *a Monument*, most gracious *Immanuel*, build thyself an everlasting Monument, *of Gratitude* in our *Souls*. Inscribe the Memory of thy matchless Beneficence, not with Ink and Pen, but with that precious *Blood*, which streamed from thy wounded *Veins*. Engrave it, not with the Hammer and Chizel, but with that sharpened *Spear* which pierced thy blessed *Side*. Let it stand conspicuous and indelible, not on outward *Tables of Stone*, but on the very inmost *Tables of our Hearts*.

ONE thing more let me observe, before I bid Adieu to this entombed Warrior, and his garnished Sepulchre. How mean are these ostentatious Methods of *bribing* the *Vote of Fame*, and purchasing a little posthumous Renown! What a poor Substitute for a Set *of memorable Actions*, is *polished Alabaster*, or the Mimickry of sculptured

ſculptured Marble! The real Excellency of this * bleeding Patriot is written on the Minds of his Countrymen: It would be remembred with Applauſe, ſo long as the Nation ſubſiſts, without this artificial Expedient to perpetuate it. —— And ſuch, *ſuch* is the Monument I wou'd wiſh for myſelf. Let me leave a *Memorial* in the *Breaſts* of my Fellow-Creatures. Let ſurviving Friends bear Witneſs, that I have not lived to myſelf alone, nor been altogether unſerviceable in my Generation. O! let an uninter-

* Sir *Bevil Granvil*, ſlain in the Civil Wars, at an Engagement with the Rebels, and interred in this Church. —— It may poſſibly be ſome Entertainment to the Reader, to ſubjoin Sir *Bevil*'s Character, as it is drawn by that celebrated Pen, which wrote the Hiſtory of thoſe unfortunate Times: —— "That "which would have clouded any Victory, ſays the "noble Hiſtorian, and made the Loſs of others leſs "ſpoken of, was the Death of Sir *Bevil Granvil*. He "was indeed an excellent Perſon, whoſe Activity, "Intereſt, and Reputation, were the Foundation of "what had been done in *Cornwall*: His Temper and "Affections ſo publick, that no Accident which hap-"pened, cou'd make any Impreſſion upon Him: "And his Example kept others from taking any "Thing ill, or at leaſt ſeeming to do ſo. In a Word, "a brighter Courage, and a gentler Diſpoſition, were "never married together, to make the moſt chearful "and innocent Converſation."

Clar. Hiſt. Reb. Vol. II.

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rupted Series of beneficent Offices, be the *Inscription*, and the best Interests of my Acquaintance the *Plate*, that exhibits it.

LET the *Poor*, as they pass by my Grave, point at the little Spot, and thankfully acknowlege, "There lies the Man, whose "unwearied Kindness was the constant "Relief of my various Distresses; who "tenderly visited my languishing Bed, and "readily supplied my indigent Circum-"stances. How often were his Counsels "a Guide to my perplexed Thoughts, and "a Cordial to my dejected Spirit! 'Tis "owing to GOD's Blessing on his season-"able Charities, and prudent Consola-"tions, that I now live, and live in Com-"fort." —— Let a Person, once *ignorant and ungodly*, lift up his Eyes to Heaven, and say within himself, as he walks over my Bones, "Here are the last Remains of "that sincere Friend, who *watched for* "*my Soul*. I can never forget, with what "a heedless Gayety I was posting on in the "Paths of Perdition; and I tremble to "think, into what irretrievable Ruin I "might have been plunged, had not his "faithful Admonitions arrested me in the

"wild

" wild Career. I was unacquainted with " the Goſpel of Peace, and unconcerned " about its unſearchable Treaſures: But " now, enlightened by his *inſtructive Con-* " *verſation*, I ſee the All-ſufficiency of my " Saviour; and, animated by his *repeated* " *Exhortations*, I count all Things but " Loſs, that I may win CHRIST. Me- " thinks, his Diſcourſes, ſeaſoned with Re- " ligion, and bleſſed by Grace, ſtill tingle " in my Ears; are ſtill warm on my Heart; " and, I truſt, will be more and more ope- " rative, till we meet each other in the " Houſe not made with Hands, eternal in " the Heavens."

BUT the only *infallible way of immortalizing our Characters*, a Way equally open to the meaneſt, and moſt exalted Fortune, is, " To make our Calling and Elec- " tion ſure;" to gain ſome ſweet Evidence, that our *Names are written in Heaven.* Then, however they may one Day be forgotten among Men, they will not fail to be had in everlaſting Remembrance before the LORD. — This is of all Diſtinctions far the nobleſt: This will iſſue in never-dying Renown. Ambition, be this thy Object, and every Page of Scripture will ſanctify

ſanctify thy Paſſion; even Grace itſelf will fan thy Flame. — Every earthly Memorial will ſhortly be obliterated. The Tongue of thoſe, whoſe Happineſs we have zealouſly promoted, muſt ſoon be ſilent in the Coffin. Characters cut with a Pen of Iron, and committed to the ſolid Rock, will ere-long ceaſe to be legible *. But as many as are inrolled " in the Lamb's Book " of Life," He himſelf declares, ſhall never be blotted out from thoſe Annals of Eternity. When a Flight of Years has mouldered the *triumphal Column* into Duſt; when the *brazen Statue* periſhes under the corroding Hand of Time; *theſe Honours* ſtill continue; ſtill are blooming and incorruptible in the World of Glory.

Make the extended *Skies* your Tomb,
Let *Stars* record your Worth:
Yet know, vain Mortals, all muſt die,
As Nature's *ſickleſt Birth.*

Wou'd bounteous Heav'n indulge my Pray'r,
I frame a nobler Choice;
Nor, living, wiſh the pompous Pile,
Nor, dead, regret the Loſs.

* —— *Data ſunt ipſis quoque Fata Sepulchris.*
JUVEN.

In

In thy fair *Book of Life* divine,
My GOD, inſcribe my Name:
There let it fill ſome humble Place,
Beneath the ſlaughter'd Lamb.

Thy Saints, while Ages roll away,
In endleſs Fame ſurvive;
Their *Glories*, o'er the *Wrongs of Time*,
Greatly triumphant, *live*.

YONDER Entrance leads, I ſuppoſe, to the *Vault*. Let me turn aſide, and take one View of the Habitation, and its Tenants. —— The ſullen *Door* grates upon its Hinges: Not uſed to receive many Viſitants, it admits me with Reluctance and Murmurs. —— What meaneth this ſudden Trepidation, while I deſcend the Steps, and am viſiting the pale Nations of the Dead? —— Be compoſed, my Spirits; there is nothing to fear in theſe quiet Chambers: "Here "even the Wicked ceaſe from troubling."

GOOD Heavens! what a ſolemn Scene! How diſmal the *Gloom!* Here is perpetual Darkneſs, and Night even at Noon-day. —— How doleful the *Solitude!* Not one

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Trace of chearful Society; but Sorrow and Terror ſeem to have made This their melancholy Abode. —— Hark! how the hollow Dome reſounds at every Tread. The *Echo's*, that long have ſlept, are awakened, and whiſper along the Walls.

A BEAM, or two, finds its Way through the Grates, and reflects a feeble Glimmer from the Nails of the *Coffins*. So many of thoſe ſad Spectacles, half concealed in Shades, half ſeen dimly by the baleful Twilight, add a deeper Horror to theſe gloomy Caverns. —— I pore upon the *Inſcriptions*, and am juſt able to pick out, That Theſe are the Remains of the *Rich* and *Renowned*. No vulgar Dead are depoſited here. The *moſt Illuſtrious*, and *right Honourable*, have claimed this for their laſt Retreat. And, indeed, they retain ſomewhat of a ſhadowy Pre-eminence. They lie, ranged in mournful Order, and in a ſort of ſilent Pomp, under the Arches of an ample Sepulchre; while meaner Corpſes, without much Ceremony, " go down to the Stones of the Pit."

MY Apprehenſions recover from their Surprize: I find, here are no Phantoms,

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but ſuch as Fear raiſes. —— However, it ſtill amazes me, to obſerve the *Wonders* of this *nether World.* Thoſe who received vaſt Revenues, and called whole Lordſhips their own, are here reduced to a *few Sheets of Lead.* Rooms of State, and ſumptuous Furniture, are reſigned, for no other Ornament than the *Shroud*, for no other Apartment than the gloomy *Niche.* No ſplendid Retinue attend this ſolitary Dwelling: The lordly Equipage hovers no longer about the lifeleſs Maſter; nothing but a ſable *Plume*, that ſeems to nod over his Tomb; or a *Statue*, which the Sculptor's Hand has taught to weep. Inſtead of the Star, that blazed upon the Breaſt; or Coronet, that glittered round the Temples; the only Remains of departed Dignity are, the Weather-beaten *Atchievement*, and tatter'd *Eſtutcheon.* —— Thoſe who gloried in high-born Anceſtors, and noble Pedigree, here drop their lofty Pretenſions. They acknowlege Kindred with creeping Things, and quarter Arms with the meaneſt Reptiles. "They ſay to Corruption, Thou art my "Father; and to the Worm, Thou art my "Mother and my Siſter." —— O mortifying

fying Truth! Sufficient, one wou'd think, to wean the moſt ſanguine Appetite from this tranſitory State of Things; from its ſickly Satisfactions, its fading Glories, its vaniſhing Treaſures.

For now, ye lying Vanities of Life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating Train!
Where are ye now? And what is your Amount?

Thomſ. Wint.

WHAT is all the World to theſe poor breathleſs Beings? What are their *Pleaſures?* A Bubble broke. What their *Honours?* A Dream that is forgotten. What the *Sum-total* of their *Enjoyments* below? Once, perhaps, it appeared to inexperienced and fond Deſire, ſomething conſiderable: But now Death has meaſured it with his Line, and weighed it in his Scale, what is the Upſhot? Alas! 'tis ſhorter than a Span; lighter than the dancing Spark; and driven away like the diſſolving Smoke.——

INDULGE, my Soul, a ſerious Pauſe. Recollect all the gay Things, that were wont to dazle thy Eyes, and inveigle thy Affections. *Here* examine theſe *Baits of Senſe;*

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Senſe: Here form an Eſtimate of their *real* Value. Suppoſe thyſelf *firſt* among the *Favourites of Fortune*, who revel in the Lap of Pleaſure, who ſhine in the Robes of Honour, and ſwim in Tides of inexhauſted Riches: Yet how ſoon wou'd the Paſſing-Bell proclaim thy Exit! And when once that Iron Call has ſummoned thee to thy future Reckoning, where would all theſe Gratifications be? At that Period, how will all the Pageantry of the moſt affluent, conſpicuous, or luxurious Circumſtances vaniſh into empty Air? And is this a Happineſs ſo paſſionately to be coveted?

I THANK you, ye Relicks of ſounding Titles, and magnificent Names: Ye have taught me more of the Littleneſs of the World, than all the Volumes of my Library. Your *Nobility* arrayed in a *Winding-ſheet*, your *Grandeur* mouldering in an *Urn*, are the moſt invincible Proofs of the *Nothingneſs* of created Things. Never, ſurely, did Providence write this important Point in ſuch legible Characters, as in the Aſhes of *My Lord*, or on the Corpſe of *His Grace*. Let others, if they pleaſe, pay their obſequious Court to your wealthy Sons,

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Sons, and ignobly fawn, or anxiouſly ſue, for Preferments: My Thoughts ſhall often reſort, in penſive Contemplation, to the Sepulchres of their Sires; and learn, from their ſleeping Duſt, to *moderate* my *Expectations* from Mortals; to ſtand *diſengaged* from every *undue Attachment* to the little Intereſts of Time; to get above the deluſive *Amuſements* of Honour, the gaudy *Tinſels* of Wealth, and all the empty *Shadows* of a periſhing World.

HARK! What *Sound* is That? — In ſuch a Situation, every Noiſe alarms. — Solemn and ſlow, it breaks again upon the ſilent Air. — 'Tis the *Striking of the Clock*: Deſigned, one would imagine, to ratify all my ſerious Meditations. Methinks, it *ſays Amen*, and ſets a Seal, to every improving Hint. It tells me, That another Portion of my appointed Time is elapſed. One calls it, "The Knell of my departed Hours." 'Tis the Watch-word to Vigilance and Activity. It cries in the Ear of Reaſon, "Redeem the Time. Catch the favourable "*Gales* of *Opportunity*: O! catch them "while they breathe, before they are irre-

"coverably

" coverably loſt. Thy Span of Life ſhortens " continually. Thy Minutes are all upon " the Wing, and haſting to be gone. Thou " art a Borderer upon Eternity, and making " inceſſant Advances to the State thou art " contemplating." —— O! may the Admonition ſink deep into an attentive and obedient Mind! May it teach me that *Heavenly Arithmetic*, of " numbering my " Days, and applying my Heart unto Wiſ" dom!"

LET me now emerge from this damp and dreadful Obſcurity, and reviſit the chearing Day. —— Having caſt a *ſuperficial View* upon theſe Receptacles of the Dead, Curioſity prompts my Inquiry, to a *more intimate Survey*. And could we draw back the Covering of the Tomb; could we ſee, What *Thoſe* are *Now*, who *Once* were *Mortals* —— Oh! how would it ſurpriſe and grieve us! Surpriſe us, to behold the prodigious Transformation that has taken place on every Individual; grieve us, to obſerve the Diſhonour done to our Nature in general, within theſe ſubterraneous Caverns!

HERE

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HERE the ſweet and winning *Aſpect*, that wore perpetually an attractive Smile, grins horribly a naked, ghaſtly Scull. The *Eye*, that outſhone the Diamond's Luſtre, and ſhot her lovely Lightening into the moſt guarded Heart; Alas! Where is it? Where ſhall we find the rolling Sparkler? How are all theſe radiant Glories totally eclipſed! —— The *Tongue*, that once commanded all the Charms of Harmony, and all the Powers of Eloquence, in this ſtrange Land has "forgot its Cunning." Where are now thoſe Strains of Melody, which raviſhed our Ears? Where is that Flow of Perſuaſion, which carried captive our Judgments? The great Maſter of Language, and of Song, is become ſilent as the Night that ſurrounds Him. —— The pampered *Fleſh*, ſo lately cloathed in Purple, and fine Linen, how is it covered rudely with Clods of Clay! There was a Time, when the timorouſly nice Creature would ſcarce "*adventure to ſet a Foot upon the Ground, "for Delicateneſs and Tenderneſs;" but is now enwrapped in clammy Earth, and ſleeps on no ſofter a Pillow than the ragged Gravel-

* Deut. xxviii. 56.

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vel-ſtones. — Here " the *ſtrong Men* " bow themſelves:" The Nervous Arm is unſtrung; the brawny Sinews are relaxed; the Limbs, not long ago the Seats of Vigour and Activity, lie down motionleſs; and the Bones, which were as Bars of Iron, are crumbled into Duſt.

HERE the *Man* of *Buſineſs* forgets all his favourite Schemes, and diſcontinues the Purſuit of Gain. Here is a total Stand to the Circulation of Merchandize, and the Hurry of Trade. In theſe ſolitary Receſſes, as in the Building of *Solomon*'s Temple, is heard no Sound of the Hammer and Ax. The Winding-ſheet, and the Coffin, are the utmoſt Bound of all earthly Devices. " Hi- " therto may they go, but no farther."— Here the *Sons* of *Pleaſure* take a final Farewel of their dear Delights. No more is the Senſualiſt anointed with Oil, or crowned with Roſe-buds: He chants no more to the Melody of the Viol, nor revels any longer at the Banquet of Wine. Inſtead of ſumptuous Tables, and delicious Treats, the poor Voluptuary is Himſelf a Feaſt for fattened Inſects; " the Worm feeds ſweetly on Him." — Here alſo *Beauty* fails; bright Beauty

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drops her Luſtre here. Oh! How her Roſes fade, and her Lilies languiſh, in this bleak Soil! How does the grand Leveller pour Contempt upon the Charmer of our Hearts! How turn to Deformity what captivated the World before!

COULD the *Lover* have a Sight of his once-inchanting *Fair-one*, what a ſtartling Aſtoniſhment wou'd ſeize him! — "Is "This the Object, I not long ago ſo paſſion-"ately admired! I ſaid, ſhe was divinely "fair, and * thought her more than mortal. "Her Form was Symmetry itſelf: Every "Elegance breathed in her Air; and all "the Graces waited on her Motions. — "'Twas *Muſic*, when ſhe ſpoke: But when "ſhe ſpoke Encouragement, 'twas little leſs "than *Rapture*. How my Heart danced "to thoſe charming Accents! — And can "that, which, ſome Weeks ago, was to "Admiration lovely, be now ſo inſuffer-"ably loathſome? — Where is that Ivory "Neck, thoſe bluſhing Cheeks, the coral "Lips, with ten thouſand other matchleſs

* *O quam te memorem, virgo! namque haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat. O Dea certe!*

Virg.

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" Beauties! —— O amazing, diſtracting Al-
" teration! —— Fondly, I gazed upon the
" glittering *Meteor*: It ſhone brightly; and
" I miſtook it for a *Star*, for a permanent
" and ſubſtantial Good. But how is it fal-
" len! fallen from an Orb not its own! And
" all that I can trace on Earth, is but a
" *putrid Maſs.*"

LIE, poor *Florella*! lie deep, as thou doſt, in obſcure Darkneſs. Let Night, with her impenetrable Shades, always conceal Thee. Thy Dwelling agrees with thy Condition. Let no prying Eye be Witneſs to thy Diſgrace; but let thy *ſurviving Siſters* think upon thy State, when they contemplate the *Idol* in the *Glaſs*. When the pleaſing Image riſes gracefully to View, ſurrounded with a World of Charms, and flush-ed with Joy, at the Conſciouſneſs of them all; —— Then, in thoſe Minutes of Temptation and Danger, when *Vanity* uſes to ſteal into the Thoughts; —— Then, let them remember, what a Veil of Horror is drawn over a Face, that was once beautiful and brilliant, as theirs. Such a ſeaſonable Reflection might regulate the Labours of the Toilet, and create a more earneſt So-

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licitude to poliſh the Jewel, than to varniſh the Casket. It might then become their higheſt Ambition, to have the Mind decked with Divine Virtues, and dreſſed after the amiable Pattern of their Redeemer's Holineſs.

AND would this prejudice their Perſons, or depreciate their Charms? —— Quite the Reverſe: It would ſpread a Sort of *Heavenly Glory* over the fineſt *Set of Features*, and heighten the Lovelineſs of every other engaging Accompliſhment. —— And, what is yet a more inviting Conſideration; theſe Flowers would not *wither* with Nature, nor be *tarniſhed* by Time; but open continually into richer Beauties, and flouriſh even in the *Winter of Age*. —— But the moſt incomparable Recommendation of theſe noble Qualities is; That from their hallowed *Relicks*, as from the fragrant Aſhes of the *Phœnix*, will ere-long ariſe an *illuſtrious Form*, bright as the Wings of Angels, laſting as the Light of the new *Jeruſalem*.

FOR my Part, the Remembrance of this *ſad Revolution* ſhall make me *aſhamed* to pay my *Devotion* to a Shrine of periſhing Fleſh; and *afraid*, to expect *all* my Happineſs from ſo brittle a Joy. It ſhall teach me,

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me, not to think too highly of well-proportioned Clay, though formed in the moſt elegant Mould, and animated with the ſweeteſt Soul. 'Tis Heaven's laſt, beſt, and crowning Gift; to be received with *Gratitude*, and cheriſhed with *Love*, as a moſt valuable *Bleſſing*; not worſhipped with the Incenſe of *Flattery*, and Strains of fulſome *Adoration*, as a *Goddeſs*. —— It will cure, I truſt, the *Dotage* of my *Eyes*; and incline me always to prefer the *ſubſtantial* "Ornaments of a meek and virtuous *Spirit*," before the *tranſient* Decorations of White and Red on the *Skin*.

HERE I called in my roving Meditations, from their long Excurſion on this tender Subject. *Fancy* liſtened a while, to the Soliloquy of a Lover; but now *Judgment* reſumes the Reins, and guides my Thoughts, to more near, and ſelf-intereſting Inquiries. —— However, upon a Review of the whole Scene, crouded with Spectacles of Mortality, and Trophies of Death, I could not forbear ſmiting my Breaſt, and fetching a Sigh, and lamenting over the nobleſt of all viſible Beings, lying in Ruins under

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under the Feet of " the *pale Horſe*, and " *his Rider*." I could not forbear that pathetic Exclamation, " *O! Thou* * *Adam*, " *what haſt thou done!*" What Deſolation has thy Diſobedience wrought in the Earth — O! the deſtructive Malignity of *Sin! Sin* has demoliſhed ſo many ſtately Structures of Fleſh: *Sin* has made ſuch Havock, among the moſt excellent Ranks of GOD's lower Creation: And *Sin* (that deadly Bane of our Nature) would have plunged our *better Part* into the execrable Horrors of the nethermoſt *Hell*; had not our merciful Mediator interpoſed, and given Himſelf for our Ranſom. — Therefore, what grateful Acknowlegements does the whole *World* of *penitent Sinners* owe; what ardent Returns of Love will a whole *Heaven of glorified Believers* pay, to ſuch a Friend, Benefactor, and Deliverer!

MUSING upon theſe melancholy Objects, a faithful Remembrancer ſuggeſts from within — " Muſt this ſad Change ſucceed in " *me* alſo? Am I to draw my laſt Gaſp, " and become a breathleſs Corpſe? Is there " a Time

* 2 *Eſdr.* vii. 48.

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" a Time coming, when this Body ſhall " be carried out upon the Bier, and com- " mitted to its long Home? While ſome " kind Acquaintance, perhaps, may let fall " one parting Tear, and cry, Alas! my " Brother!" —— Nothing is more certain. A *Decree*, much *ſurer* than the Law of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, has irrevocably deter- mined the Doom.

SHOULD one of theſe *ghaſtly Forms* burſt from his Confinement, and ſtart up in fright- ful Deformity before me; ſhould the *hag- gard Skeleton* lift a *clattering* Hand, and point it full in my View; ſhould it open the *ſtiffened* Jaws, and, with a hoarſe tre- mendous Murmur, break this profound Si- lence; ſhould it accoſt *me*, as *Samuel's* Ap- parition addreſſed the trembling King —— " *The* LORD *ſhall deliver Thee alſo into* " *the Hands of Death; yet a little while,* " *and Thou ſhalt be with me*" —— The ſolemn Warning, delivered in ſo ſtriking a Manner, muſt ſtrongly impreſs my Imagi- nation. A Meſſage in Thunder would ſcarce ſink deeper. —— Yet there is abun- dantly greater Reaſon to be alarmed by that expreſs Declaration of the LORD GOD Almighty,

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Almighty, "*Thou ſhalt ſurely die.*" —— Well then, ſince Sentence is paſſed; ſince I am a condemned Man; and know not when the Dead Warrant may arrive; let me die to *Sin*, and die to the World, before, I die beneath the Stroke of a Righteous GOD. Let me employ the little uncertain Interval of Reſpite from Execution, in preparing for a happier State, and a better Life; that when the fatal Moment comes, and I am commanded to ſhut my Eyes upon all Things here below, I may open them again to ſee my Saviour in the Manſions above.

SINCE this Body, which is ſo fearfully and wonderfully made, muſt fall to Pieces in the Grave; ſince I muſt ſoon reſign all my bodily Powers to Darkneſs, Inactivity, and Corruption; Oh! let it be my conſtant Care to *uſe* them well, while I *poſſeſs* them!—— Let my *Hands* be ſtretched forth to relieve the Needy, and always be "more "ready to give, than to receive." —— Let my *Knees* bend, in deepeſt Humiliation, before the Throne of Grace; while the Eyes are caſt down to the Earth, in penitential Confuſion; or devoutly looking up to Heaven, for pardoning Mercy! —— In every friendly

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friendly Interview, let the "Law of Kindneſs dwell on my *Lips*;" or rather, if the Serioufneſs of my Acquaintance permits, let the Goſpel of Peace flow from my *Tongue*: Oh! that I might be enabled in every public Concourſe, to lift up my Voice like a Trumpet, and pour abroad a more joyful Sound, than its moſt melodious Accents, in proclaiming the glad Tidings of free Salvation. —— Be ſhut, my *Ears*, reſolutely ſhut, againſt the malevolent Whiſpers of Slander, and the contagious Breath of filthy Talking: But be ſwift to hear the Inſtructions of Wiſdom; be all Attention, when your REDEEMER ſpeaks; imbibe the precious Truths, and convey them carefully to the Heart. —— Carry me, my *Feet*, to the Temple of the LORD; to the Beds of the Sick; and Houſes of the Poor. —— May *all* my *Members*, devoted intirely to my Divine Maſter, be the willing Inſtruments of promoting his Glory.

Then, ye *Embalmers*, you may ſpare your Pains: Theſe Works of Faith, and Labours of Love; theſe ſhall be my *Spices* and *Perfumes*. Enwrapped in theſe, I would lay me gently down, and ſleep ſweetly in the bleſſed

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JESUS; hoping, that GOD will "give "Commandment concerning my Bones;" and one Day fetch them up from the Duſt, as Silver from the Furnace, purified, "I "ſay, not ſeven times, but ſeventy times "ſeven."

HERE my Contemplation took Wing; and, in an Inſtant, alighted in the *Garden*, adjoining to Mount *Calvary*. Having viewed the Abode of my deceaſed Fellow-Creatures; methought, I longed to ſee the Place where our LORD lay. —— And, Oh! what a marvellous Spectacle was once exhibited in this memorable Sepulchre! *He*, * "who "cloathes Himſelf with Light, as with a Gar-"ment, and walks upon the Wings of the "Wind," was pleaſed to wear the Habiliments of Mortality, and dwelt among the proſtrate Dead.—— Who can repeat the wonderous Truth too often? Who can dwell upon the tranſporting Theme too long? *He*, who ſits inthroned in Glory, and diffuſes Bliſs among all the Heavenly Hoſts, was

* *Darkneſs his Curtain, and his Bed the Duſt,*
Though Sun and Stars are Duſt beneath his Throne.
COMPL.

once

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once a pale and bloody Corpſe, and preſſed this little Spot.

O DEATH! how great was thy Triumph in that Hour! Never did thy gloomy Realms contain ſuch a Priſoner before. —— *Priſoner*, did I ſay? No; He was *more than Conqueror*. He aroſe, far more mightily than *Sampſon*, from a tranſient Slumber; broke down the Gates, and demoliſhed the ſtrong Holds, of thoſe dark Dominions. —— And This, O Mortals, This, is your only Conſolation and Security. JESUS has trod the dreadful Path, and ſmoothed it for your Paſſage. —— JESUS, ſleeping in the Chambers of the Tomb, has brightened the diſmal Manſion, and left an inviting Odour in thoſe Beds of Duſt. The dying JESUS (Never let the comfortable Truth depart from your Minds! The dying JESUS) is your ſure *Protection*, your unqueſtionable *Paſſport* through the Territories of the Grave. Believe in Him, and they ſhall prove a "High-"way to *Sion*," ſhall tranſmit you ſafe to Paradiſe. Believe in Him, and you ſhall be no Loſers, but unſpeakable Gainers, by your Diſſolution. For hear what the Oracle of Heaven ſays upon this important Point:

Whoso believeth in Me, shall never die. — What sublime and emphatical Language is This! Thus much, at least, it must import: The Nature of that last Change shall be surprisingly altered for the better. It shall no longer be inflicted as a Punishment, but rather vouchsafed as a Blessing: To such Persons it shall come attended with such a Train of Benefits, as will render it a kind of *happy Impropriety*, to call it *Dying*. Dying! No, 'tis Then they truly begin to live: Their Exit is the End of their Frailty, and their Entrance upon Perfection: Their last Groan is the Prelude to Life and Immortality.

O ye *timorous Souls*, that are terrified at the Passing-Bell; that turn pale at the Sight of an opened Grave, and can scarce behold a Coffin, or a Skull, without a shuddering Horror; Ye that are *in Bondage* to the grisly Tyrant, and tremble at the shaking of his Iron Rod; cry mightily, to the Father of your Spirits, for *Faith* in his dear Son. *Faith* will free you from your Slavery*.

Faith

* Death's Terror is the Mountain *Faith* removes;
'Tis *Faith* disarms Destruction. ———
Believe, and look with Triumph on the Tomb.

These,

Faith will imbolden you to tread on (this fiercest of) Serpents. Old *Simeon*, clasping the Child JESUS in the Arms of his Flesh, and the glorious Mediator in the Arms of his Faith, departs with Tranquillity and Peace. That bitter Persecutor *Saul*, having won CHRIST, being found in CHRIST, longs to be dismissed from cumbrous Clay, and kindles into Raptures at the Prospect of Dissolution. Methinks I see another of *Immanuel*'s Followers, *trusting in his Saviour, leaning on his Beloved, go down to the silent Shades with Composure and Alacrity. In

These, and some other Quotations, I am proud to borrow from The COMPLAINT; especially from *Night the fourth*: In which, Energy of Language, Sublimity of Sentiment, and the most exquisite Beauties of Poetry, are the least Perfections to be admired: Almost every Line glows with Devotion; rises into the most exalted Apprehensions of the adorable Redeemer, and is animated with the most lively Faith, in His All-sufficient Mediation. The Author of this excellent Performance has the peculiar Felicity of ennobling all the Strength of Style, and every Delicacy of Imagination, with the grand and momentous Truths of Christianity. These Thoughts give the highest Entertainment to the Fancy, and impart the noblest Improvement to the Mind: They not only refine our Taste, but prepare us for Death, and ripen us for Glory. I never take up this admirable Piece, but am ready to cry out —— *Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.*

* 2 *Pet.* i. 14.

This

This powerful Name, an innumerable Company of ſinful Creatures have ſet up their Banners, and "overcome through the Blood "of the Lamb." Authorized by the Captain of thy Salvation, *Thou* alſo mayſt ſet thy Feet upon the Neck of this King of Terrors. Furniſhed with this Antidote, *Thou* alſo mayſt play around the Hole of the Aſp, and put thy undaunted Hand on this Cockatrice-Den. Thou mayſt * feel the Viper faſtening to thy mortal Part, and fear no Evil: Thou ſhalt one Day ſhake it off by a joyful Reſurrection, and ſuffer no Harm.

RESURRECTION! That chearing Word eaſes my Mind of an anxious Thought, and ſolves a moſt *momentous Queſtion*. I was going to ask, "Wherefore do all theſe "Corpſes lie here, in this abject Condi-"tion? Is This their final State? Has Death "conquered? and will the Tyrant hold "Captivity captive? How long wilt Thou "forget them, O LORD? For ever?"—— No, ſaith the Voice from Heaven, the Word of Divine Revelation; *The Righteous* are all "*Priſoners of Hope*." There is an Hour (an

* *Acts* xxviii. 3, 5.

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(an awful Secret That, and known only to all-foreſeeing Wiſdom, but), an appointed Hour there is, when an *Act of Grace* will *paſs* the *Great Seal* above, and give them an univerſal Diſcharge, a general Delivery from the Abodes of Corruption. Then ſhall the LORD JESUS deſcend from Heaven, with the Shout of the Arch-angel, and the Trump of GOD. *Deſtruction* itſelf ſhall hear the Call, and the obedient *Grave* give up her Dead. In a Moment, in the Twinkling of an Eye, they ſhake off the Sleep of ten thouſand Years, and ſpring forth, like the bounding Roe, to "meet "their LORD in the Air."

AND, Oh! with what cordial Congratulations, what tranſporting Endearments, do the Soul and Body, thoſe affectionate Companions, reunite! But with how much greater Demonſtrations of Kindneſs are they *both* received by their *compaſſionate Redeemer!* The awful Judge is their Friend, their Father, their Bridegroom. They have nothing to fear from all the Pomp of his Appearance. Thoſe *tremendous Solemnities*, which ſpread Deſolation and Aſtoniſhment through the Univerſe, ſerve only to

inflame

inflame their Love, and heighten their Hopes. Their Master confesses their Names before all the Inhabitants of Heaven, and the whole assembled World. —— Will not that adorable Being, whose *Favour* is better than *Life*, whose Acceptance is a Crown of *Glory*; will not He lift up the Light of his Countenance upon them, and, with Words of the most intire Approbation, say, "I accept you, O my People? Ye are they "that believed in my Name. Ye are they "that renounced *Yourselves*, and *are com-* "*plete in Me*. I see no Spot or Blemish "in you; for ye are washed in my Blood, "and cloathed in my Righteousness. Re- "newed by my Spirit, ye have glorified me "on Earth, and have been faithful unto "Death. Come, then, ye Servants of Ho- "liness, enter into the Joy of your LORD. "Come, ye Children of Light, receive the "*Kingdom*, that shall never be removed; "wear the *Crown*, which fadeth not away; "and enjoy *Pleasures* for evermore."

THEN it will be one of the smallest Privileges of the Righteous, that they shall languish no more; that *Sickness* will never again shew her pale Countenance in their

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Dwellings. *Death itſelf* will be "ſwal-"lowed up in Victory." That fatal Javelin, which has drank the Blood of Monarchs, and finds its Way to the Hearts of all the Sons of *Adam*, ſhall be utterly broken. That enormous Scythe, which has ſtruck Empires from their Root, and ſwept Ages and Generations into Oblivion, ſhall lie by in perpetual Uſeleſneſs. *Sin* alſo, which filled thy Quiver, thou inſatiate Archer!—*Sin*, which ſtrung thy Arm with ſuch reſiſtleſs Vigour — which pointed all thy Shafts with inevitable Deſtruction — *Sin* will then be done away. Whatever is *frail*, or *depraved*, will be thrown off with our Grave-cloaths. All to come is perfect Excellency, and conſummate Happineſs; the Term of whoſe Continuance is Eternity.

O ETERNITY! *Eternity!* How are our boldeſt, our ſtrongeſt Thoughts, loſt and overwhelmed in Thee! Who can ſet Landmarks to limit thy Dimenſions, or find Plumbets to fathom thy Depths? *Arithmeticians* have Figures to compute all the Progreſſions of Time: *Aſtronomers* have Inſtruments to calculate the Diſtances of the Stars: But what Numbers can ſtate,

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what Lines can gauge, the Lengths and Breadths of Eternity? "It is higher than "Heaven, what canſt thou do? deeper than "Hell, what canſt thou know? The Mea- "ſure thereof is longer than the Earth, "broader than the Sea." Myſterious, mighty Exiſtence! A Sum, not to be leſſened by the largeſt Deductions: An Extent, not to be contracted by all poſſible Diminutions. None can truly ſay, after the moſt prodigious Waſte of Ages, "That ſo much of "Eternity is gone." For when Millions of Centuries are elapſed, it is but *juſt commencing*; and when Millions more have run their ample Round, it will be *no nearer ending*. Yea, when Ages, numerous as the Bloom of Spring, increaſed by the Herbage of Summer, both augmented by the Leaves of Autumn, and all multiplied by the Drops of Rain which drown the Winter —— when theſe, and ten thouſand times ten thouſand more —— more than can be repreſented by any *Similitude*, or imagined by any *Conception*, are all revolved; Eternity, vaſt, boundleſs, amazing Eternity, will only be beginning. Beginning, did I ſay? rather only *beginning to begin*.

WHAT

WHAT a pleaſing, yet awful Thought is this? Full of Delight, and full of Dread. O! may it alarm our Fears, quicken our Hopes, and animate all our Endeavours. Since we are ſoon to launch into this endleſs and inconceivable State, let us give *all Diligence* to ſecure our Entrance into Bliſs. *Now* let us give all Diligence, becauſe there is no Alteration in the Scenes of Futurity. The Wheel never turns: All is ſtedfaſt and immoveable beyond the Grave. Whether we are then *ſeated* on the *Throne*, or *ſtretched* on the *Rack*; a Seal will be ſet to our Condition by the Hand of everlaſting Mercy, or inflexible Juſtice. —— *The Saints* always rejoice amidſt the Smiles of Heaven; their Harps are perpetually tuned; their Triumphs admit of no Interruption. —— The Ruin alſo of the *Wicked* is irremediable. The Chains of their Woe are rivetted by an irrepealable Sentence.

THE *Wicked* —— * My Mind recoils at the Apprehenſion of their Miſery. It has ſtudiouſly waved the fearful Subject, and

 ſeems

* —— *Animus meminiſſe horret, luctuque refugit.* VIRG.

ſeems unwilling to purſue it, even now.—— But 'tis better to *reflect upon it* for a few Minutes, than to *endure it* to eternal Ages. Perhaps, the Conſideration of their aggravated Miſery may teach me more highly to prize the Saviour, who "delivers from "going down into the bottomleſs Pit;" may *drive* me, like the *Avenger's Sword*, to this only *City of Refuge* for obnoxious Sinners.

THE Wicked ſeem to lie here, like Malefactors, in a deep and ſtrong Dungeon, reſerved againſt the Day of Trial.——"*Their Departure* was without Peace." Clouds of Horror ſat lowering upon their cloſing Eyelids; moſt ſadly foreboding the "Blackneſs "of Darkneſs for ever." When the laſt Sickneſs ſeized their Frame, and the inevitable Change advanced; when they ſaw the fatal Arrow fitting to the Strings, ſaw the deadly Archer aiming at their Life, and felt the envenomed Shaft faſtened in their Vitals —— Good GOD! what Fearfulneſs came upon them! What horrible Dread overwhelmed them! How did they ſtand ſhuddering upon the tremendous Precipice, exceſſively afraid to die, yet utterly unable to live.

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live. —— O! What *pale Reviews*, what *ſtartling Proſpects*, conſpire to augment their Sorrows! —— They look *backward*; and, behold! a moſt melancholy Scene; Sins unrepented of; Mercy ſlighted; and the Day of Grace ending. —— They look *forward*, and nothing preſents itſelf but the righteous Judge; the dreadful Tribunal; and a moſt ſolemn Reckoning. —— They roll *around* their affrighted Eyes on attending Friends; and, if *Accomplices in Debauchery*, it ſharpens their Anguiſh, to conſider this further Aggravation of their Guilt, That they have not ſinned alone, but drawn others into the Snare: If *religious Acquaintance*, it ſtrikes a freſh Gaſh into their Hearts, to think of never ſeeing them any more, but only at an un-approachable Diſtance, ſeparated by the unpaſſable Gulf.

AT laſt, perhaps, they begin to *pray*: Seeing no other poſſible Way of Relief, they are conſtrained to apply unto the Almighty: With trembling Lips, and a faultering Tongue, they cry unto that Sovereign Being, "who "kills and makes alive." —— But why, O! why, have they deferred their Addreſſes to Heaven ſo long? Why have they deſpiſed

all

all his Counſels, and ſtood incorrigible under his inceſſant Reproofs? How often have they been forewarned of theſe Terrors, and moſt importunately intreated to turn to the LORD! I wiſh, they may find Favour at this late Hour; and be ſnatched from the very Brink, the breaking Brink, of Damnation. But, alas! Who can tell, whether affronted Majeſty will lend an Ear to their Complaint? He may, for aught any Mortal knows, "laugh at their Calamity, and mock "when their Fear cometh."

THUS they lie, groaning out the poor Remains of Life; their Limbs bathed in Sweat; Pains inſupportable, throbbing thro' every Pulſe; and innumerable Darts of Agony transfixing their Conſcience. —— If *this* be the *End* of the *Ungodly*, "My Soul, "come not Thou into their Secret! Unto "their Aſſembly, mine Honour, be not "Thou united!" —— Oh! how awfully accompliſhed is that Prediction of inſpired Wiſdom! "Sin, though ſeemingly ſweet "in the *Commiſſion*; in the *Iſſue*, biteth "like a Serpent, and ſtingeth like an Adder."

HAPPY

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HAPPY Diſſolution! were This the Period of their Woes. But, alas! all theſe Tribulations are only "the *Beginning of Sorrows*;" one ſmall Drop of that "Cup of "Trembling," which is mingled for their future Portion. —— No ſooner has the laſt Pang diſlodged the reluctant Soul, but they are hurried into the Preſence of an injured angry GOD: Not under the conducting Care of beneficent Angels, but expoſed to the Inſults of *accurſed* Spirits; who lately tempted them, now *upbraid* them, and will for ever *torment* them. —— Who can conceive their Confuſion and Diſtreſs, when they ſtand guilty and inexcuſable before their incenſed Creator? They are received with Frowns: The GOD that made them, has no Mercy on them. The Prince of Peace, the Fountain of Felicity, hides his Face from them. He conſigns them over to Chains of Darkneſs, and Receptacles of Deſpair, againſt the ſeverer Doom, and more public Infamy, of the Great Day. Then all the Phials of Wrath will be emptied upon theſe wretched Creatures. The *Law* they have *violated*, the *Power* they have defied, the *Goodneſs*

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they have abuſed, will all get themſelves Honour in their *exemplary Deſtruction.* Then GOD, the GOD to whom Vengeance belongeth, will draw the Arrow to the very Head, and make them the Objects of his inexorable Diſpleaſure. Reſurrection will be no Privilege to them, but *Immortality* itſelf their *everlaſting Curſe.* —— Would they not bleſs the Grave, "that "Land where all Things are forgotten," and wiſh to lie eternally hid in its deepeſt Gloom? But the Duſt refuſes to conceal their Perſons, or draw a Veil over their Practices. They alſo muſt awake, muſt ariſe, and appear at the Bar, and meet the Judge: A Judge, before whom "the Pillars of "Heaven tremble, and the Earth melts "away:" A Judge, once long-ſuffering, and very compaſſionate, but now unalterably determined to teach ſtubborn Offenders, what it is to provoke the Eternal Godhead; what it is to trample upon the Blood of his Son; and offer Deſpite to all the gracious Overtures of his Spirit.

OH! the Perplexity, the Diſtraction, that muſt confound the impenitent Rebels "What can they do in this Day of Viſita-

"tion?"

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" tion?" —— Whither ſhall they betake themſelves? —— *To fly*, will be impoſſible; *to juſtify* themſelves, impracticable; and *now*, to *make* any *Supplications*, unavailable. —— The jealous GOD, who has been about their Path, and about their Bed, and ſpied out all their Ways, " ſets before them " the Things that they have done." They cannot anſwer Him, one in a Thouſand; nor ſtand in the awful Judgment. They are ſpeechleſs with Guilt, and ſtigmatized with Infamy, before all the Angels of Light. What a Favour would they eſteem it, to hide their aſhamed Heads in the Bottom of the Ocean, or even to be buried beneath the Ruins of the tottering World!

IF the *Contempt* poured upon them be ſo inſupportable, O! " How will their " Hearts endure," when the *Sword* of infinite *Indignation* is unſheathed, and fiercely waved around their defenceleſs Heads, or pointed directly at their naked Breaſts! How muſt the Wretches ſcream with wild Amazement, and be at their Wits-end, when " the right-aiming Thunderbolts go abroad," with a Commiſſion to drive them from the

Kingdoms of Glory, and plunge them into a Lake of unquenchable Fire!

MISERY of Miseries! too shocking for Reflection to dwell upon. But if so dismal to *foresee*; and that at a *Distance*; together with some comfortable Hopes of *escaping* it — O! how bitter, how inconceivably bitter, to *bear*, without any *Intermission*, or any *Mitigation*, for *Ever and Ever*.

WHO has any Bowels of *Pity*? — Who has any Sentiments of *Compassion*? — Who has any *tender Concern* for his Fellow-Creatures? Who? In GOD's Name, and for CHRIST's Sake, let Him shew it, by warning every Man, and beseeching every Man, to *seek* the LORD while He may be *found*: "To kiss the Son, before his Anger is "kindled:" Submissively to adore the Lamb, while he holds out the golden Sceptre. — *Here*, let us act the friendly Part to Mankind: *Here*, let the whole Force of our *Benevolence* exert itself; in exhorting whomsoever we are likely to influence, to take the Wings of *Faith* unfeigned, and *Repentance* undelayed, and "flee away from this "Wrath to come."

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UPON the Whole; What ſtupendous Diſcoveries are theſe! Lay them up in a faithful Remembrance, O my Soul. Recollect them with the moſt ſerious Attention, when thou lieſt down, and when thou riſeſt up. When thou *walkeſt*, receive them for thy *Companions*; when thou *talkeſt*, liſten to them as thy *Prompters*; and whatever thou *doeſt*, conſult them as thy *Directors*. Influenced by theſe Conſiderations, thy *Views* will greaten, thy *Affections* be exalted, and thou *thyſelf* raiſed above the tantalizing Power of periſhing Things. Duly mindful of theſe, it will be the Sum of thy *Deſires*, and Scope of thy *Endeavours*, to gain the *Approbation* of that Sovereign Being, who will then fill the Throne, and pronounce the *deciſive* Sentence. Thou wilt ſee nothing worth a Wiſh, in Compariſon of having His Will for thy Rule, His Glory for thy Aim, and His Holy Spirit for thy ever-actuating Principle.

WONDER, O Man, be loſt in Admiration, at thoſe *prodigious Events*, which are coming upon the *Univerſe*: Events, the

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Greatneſs of which, nothing finite can meaſure. Such as will cauſe whatever is conſiderable or momentous, in the Annals of all Generations, to ſink into Littleneſs and Nothing: Events (JESUS, prepare us for their Approach; defend us when they take place!) big with the everlaſting Fates of all the Living, and all the Dead. I muſt ſee the *Graves* cleaving; the *Sea* teeming; and *Swarms* unſuſpected, *Crouds* unnumbered, yea, Multitudes of *thronging Nations*, riſing from both. —— I muſt ſee the *World* in *Flames*, muſt ſtand at the *Diſſolution* of all terreſtrial Things, and be an Attendant on the *Burial* of *Nature*. —— I muſt ſee the vaſt Expanſe of the *Sky*, wrapt up like a Scroll; and the incarnate GOD iſſuing forth from Light inacceſſible, with Ten thouſand times ten thouſand *Angels*, to judge both *Men* and *Devils*. —— I muſt ſee the Curtain of *Time* drop, ſee all *Eternity* diſcloſed to View, and enter upon a *State* of *Being*, that will never, never, have an End.

AND ought I not (let the vaineſt Imagination judge; ought I not) to try the Sincerity of my *Faith*, and take Heed to my *Ways?* Is not this an infinitely preſſing Call,

to

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to see that my Loins are girded about, my Lamp trimmed, and myself dressed for "the "Bridegroom's Appearance?" That, washed in the Fountain opened in my Saviour's Side, and clad with the Marriage-Garment wove by his Obedience; I may "be found "in Peace, unblameable, and unreprove- "able." —— Otherwise, how shall I *stand* with Boldness, when the Stars of Heaven *fall* from their Orbs? How shall I come forth *erect* and *courageous*, when the *Earth* itself *reels* to-and-fro like a Drunkard*? How shall I look up with *Joy*, and see my Salvation drawing near, when the Hearts of Millions fail for Fear?

Now, Madam, lest my Meditations set in a Cloud, and leave any unpleasing Gloom upon your Mind; let me once more turn to the brightening Prospects of the *Righteous*. A View of Them, and their delightful Expectations, may serve to *exhilarate* the Thoughts, that have been musing upon melancholy Subjects, and hovering about the Edges of infernal Darkness: Just as a spacious Field, arrayed in *chearful Green*, relieves and re-invigorates the Eye, that has fatigued

* *Isai.* xxiv. 20.

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fatigued itself by poring upon some *minute*, or gazing upon some *glaring* Object.

THE *Righteous* seem to lie by, in the Bosom of the Earth, as a *wary Pilot* in some well-sheltered Creek; till all the *Storms* which infest this lower World, are blown over. Here they enjoy *safe Anchorage*, are in no Danger of *foundering* amidst the Seas of prevailing Iniquity, or of being *shipwrack'd* on the Rocks of any powerful Temptation. But, ere long, we shall behold them hoisting their *Flag of Hope*, riding before *a sweet Gale* of atoning Merit, and redeeming Love, till they *make*, with full Sail, the blessed *Port* of eternal Life.

THEN may the *honoured Friend*, to whom I am writing, rich in good Works, rich in Heavenly Tempers, but inexpressibly richer in her Saviour's Righteousness — O! may She enter the happy Harbour, like some gallant stately *Vessel*, conspicuously and gloriously! While my little *Bark* glides gladly after, and both rest for Ever in *the Haven where we would be*.

The E N D.

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E R R A T A.

PAG. 5. *Line* 21. *of the Note, for* are, *r.* is. *p.* 16. *l.* 6. *for* tour, *r.* tower. *p.* 19. *l.* 11. *r.* Sighs. *p.* 24. *l.* 22. *for* Thoughts, *r.* Strokes.

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REFLECTIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

IN A

LETTER

TO A

LADY.

By JAMES HERVEY, A. B.

I look upon the Pleasure, which we take in a Garden, *as one of the most innocent Delights in human Life. A* Garden *was the Habitation of our first Parents before the Fall. It is naturally apt to fill the Mind with Calmness and Tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent Passions at Rest. It gives us a great Insight into the Contrivance and Wisdom of Providence, and* suggests innumerable Subjects for Meditation. Spect. Vol. VII. N° 477.

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MDCC XLVI.

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REFLECTIONS

ON A

FLOWER-GARDEN.

In a LETTER to a LADY.

MADAM,

SOME-time ago, my Meditations took a Turn among the *Tombs*: They viſited the awful and melancholy Manſions of the Dead*: And you was pleaſed to favour them with your Attention. —— May I, now, beg the Honour of your Company, in a more inviting and delightful Excurſion? In a beau-

B tiful

* "Diſcourſes on the Vanity of the Creature, which "repreſent the Barrenneſs of every Thing in this "World, and its Incapacity of producing any ſolid "of

tiful *Flower-Garden*, where I lately walked, and at once regaled the Senſe, and indulged the Fancy.

TWAS early in a *Summer-Morning*; when the Air was cool; the Earth moiſt; the whole Face of the Creation freſh and gay. The noiſy World was ſcarce awake. Buſineſs had not quite ſhook off his ſound Sleep, and Riot had but juſt reclined his giddy Head. All was ſerene: All was ſtill: Every thing tended to inſpire *Tranquillity* of Mind, and invite to ſerious *Thought*.

ONLY the wakeful LARK had left her Neſt, and was mounting on high, to ſalute the opening Day. Elevated in Air, ſhe ſeemed to call the laborious Husbandman to his Toil, and all her Fellow-Songſters to their Notes. —— Earlieſt of Birds, ſaid I, Companion of the Dawn, may I always riſe at thy Voice! Riſe, to offer the Matin-Song, and adore that beneficent Being, "who "maketh

"or ſubſtantial Happineſs, are uſeful. —— † Thoſe "Speculations alſo, which ſhew the bright Side of "Things, and lay forth thoſe innocent Entertainments, "which are to be met with among the ſeveral Objects "that encompaſs us, are no leſs beneficial." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 393. Upon the Plan of theſe Obſervations the preceding and following Reflections are formed.

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" maketh the Outgoings of the Morning " and Evening to rejoice."

O! how charming to rove abroad at this sweet HOUR OF PRIME! To enjoy the Calm of Nature, and taſte the unrifled Freſhneſs of the Morning. —— What a Pleaſure do the Sons of SLOTH loſe! Little, ſure, does the Sluggard know, how delicious an Entertainment he foregoes, for the pooreſt of all Animal Gratifications. —— Methinks, the Morning bluſhes, and the Skies redden with Shame, to ſee ſo many ſupinely ſtretched on their drowſy Pillows. —— Shall Man be loſt in luxurious Eaſe? Shall Man waſte theſe precious Hours in idle Slumbers? While the vigorous Sun is up, and going on his Maker's Errand; while all the feathered Choir are hymning the Creator, and paying their Homage in Harmony?

TIS natural for Man to look upward*; to throw his firſt Glance upon the Objects that are above Him.

* *Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri*
Juſſit, & erectos ad ſidera tollere vultus. OVID.

Strait towards Heav'n, my wond'ring Eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd awhile the ample SKY. MILT.

PRODIGIOUS Theatre! Where Lightenings dart their Fire, and Thunders utter their Voice: Where Tempeſts ſpend their Rage, and Worlds un-numbered roll at large! —— O! the Greatneſs of that mighty Hand, which meteth out this amazing Circumference with a Span! O! the Immenſity of that wonderful Being, before whom this unmeaſurable Extent is no more than a Point! —— And O! (thou pleaſing Thought!) the unſearchable Riches of that MERCY, which is * GREATER THAN THE HEAVENS; is more extenſive and unbounded in its gracious Exerciſe, than theſe illimitable Tracts of Air, and Sea, and Firmament; that pardons Crimes of the moſt enormous Size, and moſt horrid Aggravations; pardons them, in Conſideration of the Redeemer's Atonement, with perfect Freeneſs, and the utmoſt Readineſs: More readily, if it were poſſible, than this all-ſurrounding Expanſe admits, within its

* Pſalm cviii. 4.

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Circuit, a Ridge of Mountains, or even a Grain of Sand.

O! COME hither, then, ye awakened, trembling Sinners. Come, weary and heavy-laden with a Senſe of your Iniquities. Condemn yourſelves. Renounce all Reliance on any thing of your own. Let your *Truſt be in the tender Mercy of* GOD, *for Ever and Ever.*

IN THEM HATH HE SET A TABERNACLE FOR THE SUN. —— Behold him coming forth from the Chambers of the Eaſt. See, the Clouds, like floating Curtains, are thrown back at his Approach. With what refulgent Majeſty does he walk abroad! How tranſcendently bright is his Countenance, ſhedding Day and exhauſtleſs Light through the Univerſe! ——— I have read of a Perſon, ſo ſtruck with the Splendors of this *noble Luminary*, that he imagined himſelf made on purpoſe to contemplate its Glories. O! that Chriſtians would tranſfer His Perſuaſion to the *Sun of Righteouſneſs!* Thus applied, it would ceaſe to be a chimerical Notion, and become a moſt important Truth. For ſure I am, it is the ſupreme Happineſs of the eternal State, and

therefore

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therefore may well be the ruling Concern of this preſent Life, "To know the only "true GOD, and JESUS CHRIST, whom "He hath ſent." Nor do I ſtand alone in this Opinion. One of the moſt unqueſtionable Judges of whatever is valuable; nay, the moſt diſtinguiſhed among the inſpired Writers, determines to "know nothing "but JESUS CHRIST, and Him crucified." He poſſeſſed, in his own Perſon, the fineſt, the moſt admired Accompliſhments; and yet pronounces them no better than Dung, in Compariſon of the * ſupereminent Excellency of this ſaving Knowlege.

METHINKS, I diſcern a thouſand admirable Properties in the SUN. 'Tis, certainly, the beſt material Emblem of the Creator. There is more of GOD in its *Luſtre*, *Energy*, and *Uſefulneſs*, than in any other viſible Being. To worſhip it as a Deity, was the leaſt inexcuſable of all the heathen Idolatries. One ſcarce can wonder, that fallen Reaſon ſhould miſtake ſo fair a Copy for the adorable Original. No Compariſon,

* Το υπερεχον της γνωσεως.

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Compariſon, in the whole Book of ſacred Wiſdom, pleaſes me more than that which reſembles the bleſſed JESUS to yonder Regent of the Day; who now advances on his azure Road, to ſcatter Light and Gladneſs through the Nations,

WHAT were all the Realms of the World, but a *Dungeon* of DARKNESS, without the BEAMS of the Sun? All their fine Scenes hid under Shades; loſt in Obſcurity. ——In vain, we roll around our Eyes in the Midnight Gloom: In vain, we ſtrive to behold the Features of amiable Nature: Turn whither we will, no Form or Comelineſs appears: All ſeems a dreary Waſte; an undiſtinguiſhed Chaos; till the returning Hours have unbarred the Gates of Light, and let forth the Morn. —— Then, what a Proſpect opens! The Heavens are paved with Azure; and ſtrewed with Roſes. A Variety of the livelieſt Verdures array the Plains. The Flowers put on a Glow of the richeſt Colours. The whole Creation ſtands forth, dreſſed in all the Charms of Beauty. The raviſhed Eye looks round, and wonders.

AND what had been the Condition of our *intellectual Nature*, without the great Redeemer,

Redeemer, and his *Divine Revelation?* Alas! What abſurd and unworthy Apprehenſions, did the Pagan Sages form of GOD! What idle Dreams, what childiſh Conjectures, were their Doctrines of a future State! And how did the Bulk, even of that favoured People, the *Jews*, weary themſelves in very Vanity, to obtain Peace and Reconciliation with their offended JEHOVAH, till JESUS aroſe upon our benighted Minds, and brought Life and Immortality to Light; till He aroſe, "to enlighten the wretched "*Gentiles*, and to be the Glory of his People "*Iſrael!*" — Now, we no longer cry out, with a reſtleſs Impatience, "Where is GOD "my Maker?" For we are allowed to contemplate the Brightneſs of his Glory, and the expreſs Image of his Perſon, "in the "Face of JESUS CHRIST." — Now, we no longer inquire, with an unſatisfied Sollicitude, Which is the Way to Bliſs? Becauſe JESUS has marked the Path by his ſhining Example, and left us an unerring Clue in his holy Word. — Now, we have no more Reaſon to proceed with miſgiving Hearts, in our Journey to Eternity; or to ask anxiouſly as we go, "Who will roll

"away

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"away the Stone," and open the everlasting Doors? Who will remove the flaming Sword, and give us Admission into the Delights of Paradise? For it is done; All done, by the Captain of our Salvation. Sin he has expiated, by the unblemished Sacrifice of Himself. The Law he has fulfilled, by his perfect Obedience. The Sinner he transforms, by his sanctifying SPIRIT. —— In a Word, He hath both presented us with a *clear Discovery* of good Things to come, and administred to us an abundant Entrance into the *final Enjoyment* of them.

WHENEVER, therefore, we bless GOD for the circling Seasons, and revolving Day; let us adore, thankfully adore Him, for the more precious Appearance of the Sun of Righteousness, and his glorious Gospel; without which we should have been groping to this Hour, in spiritual Darkness, and the Shadow of Death; without which we must have been bewildered in a Maze of inextricable Uncertainties; and have "stumbled upon the dark Mountains" of Error, till we fell into the bottomless Pit of Perdition.

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WITHOUT that grand ENLIVENING PRINCIPLE, What were this Earth, but a lifeless *Mass?* A rude Lump of *inactive* Matter? The Trees could never break forth into Leaves, nor the Plants spring up into Flowers. We should no more behold the Meadows mantled over with Green, nor the Valleys standing thick with Corn. Or, to speak in the beautiful Language of a Prophet, " * No longer would the Fig-tree " blossom, nor Fruit be in the Vine: The " Labour of the Olive would fail, and the " Fields could yield no Meat: The Flocks " must be cut off from the Fold, and there " would be no Herd in the Stalls." —— This darts its Beams among all the Vegetable Tribes, and paints the Spring, and enriches the Autumn. This pierces to the Roots of the Vineyard, and the Orchard; and sets afloat those fermenting Juices, which at length burst into Floods of Wine, or bend the Boughs with a mellow Load.—— Nor are its Favours confined to the *upper Regions*, but distributed even unto the *deepest Recesses* of Creation. It penetrates the Beds of Metals, and finds its Way to " the

* *Hab.* iii. 17.

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" the Place of the Sapphires." It tinctures the Seeds of Gold, that are ripening into Ore; and throws a Brilliancy into the Water of the Diamond, that is hardening on its Rock. —— In ſhort, the beneficial Agency of this magnificent Luminary is inexpreſſible. It beautifies and impregnates univerſal Nature. " There is nothing hid from the " Heat thereof."

JUST in the ſame Manner, were the *Rational World dead in Treſpaſſes and Sins*, without the reviving Energy of JESUS CHRIST. He is " the Reſurrection, and " the Life:" The all-powerful Cauſe of the one, and overflowing Fountain of the other. " The ſecond *Adam* is A QUICK- " ENING SPIRIT," and all his Saints live through Him. He ſhines upon their Affections; and they ſhoot forth into Heavenly Graces, and abound in the Fruits of Righteouſneſs. Faith unfeigned, and Love undiſſembled, thoſe nobleſt Productions of the renewed Nature, are the Effect of his Operations on the Mind. Not ſo much as one Divine Diſpoſition could ſpread itſelf, not one Chriſtian Habit unfold and flouriſh, without the kindly Influences of his Grace.

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As there is no Fruitfulneſs, ſo likewiſe no Chearfulneſs*, without the Sun. Let that radiant Orb be eclipſed, only for a few Minutes, and all Nature immediately aſſumes an Air of Sadneſs: The Heavens put on a kind of Mourning: The Songſters of the Grove are ſtruck dumb: The Voice of Joy ceaſes: Howling Beaſts roam abroad for Prey: Ominous Birds come forth, and ſcreech: The Heart of Man fails, and a chilling Horror ſeizes the foreboding Mind. —— So, when CHRIST hides away his Face; when Faith loſes Sight of that *Conſolation of Iſrael*; Oh! how gloomy are the Proſpects of the Soul! Our GOD ſeems to be a conſuming Fire, and our Sins cry loudly for Vengeance. The Thoughts bleed inwardly; the Chriſtian walks heavily; all without is irkſome; all within is diſconſolate. —— Lift up then, moſt gracious JESUS, thou nobler Day-ſpring from on High! O! lift up, the Light of thy Counte-

* "The Sun, which is as the great Soul of the "Univerſe, and produces all the Neceſſaries of Life, "has a particular Influence in *chearing* the Mind of "Man, and making the Heart *glad*." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

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Countenance upon us, and give us evermore the Joy of thy Salvation.

IN one Inſtance more, let me purſue the Similitude. The Sun, I obſerve, ſhoots his Beams *every Way*; both backwards and forwards; to every Point in the Compaſs, and every Quarter under Heaven. The Eaſt reddens with his riſing Radiance, and the Weſtern Hills are gilded with his ſtreaming Splendors. The chilly Regions of the North are cheared by his genial Warmth, while the Southern Tracts glow with his Fire. —— Thus, are the *Influences* of the Sun of Righteouſneſs *diffuſive* and unconfined. The Generations of old felt them, and Generations yet unborn will rejoice in them. The Merits of his precious Death extended to the Firſt, and will be propagated to the Laſt, Ages of Mankind.—— May they, ere-long, viſit the remoteſt Climates, and darkeſt Corners of the Earth. Command thy Goſpel, bleſſed JESUS, thy everlaſting Goſpel, to take the Wings of the Morning, and travel with yonder Sun. Let it fly upon ſtrong Pinions among every People, Nation, and Language; that where the Heat broils, and the Cold freezes, Thou

mayſt

mayſt be known, confeſſed, and adored; That Strangers to thy Name, and Enemies to thy Doctrines, may be enlightened with the Knowlege, and won to the Love, of thy Truth! O! may that beſt of Æras come, that wiſh'd for Period advance, when "All the Ends of the World ſhall remember themſelves, and be turned unto the "LORD; and all the Kindreds of the Nations worſhip before him!"

FROM the Heavens we retire to the Earth. —— Here the Drops of DEW, like ſo many liquid * Cryſtals, ſparkle upon the Eye. How brilliant and unſullied is their Luſtre! How little inferiot to the proud Stone, that irradiates a Monarch's Crown! They want nothing but Solidity and Permanency, to equal them with the fineſt Treaſures of the Jeweller's Casket. —— But here, indeed, they are greatly deficient; ſhort-lived Ornaments; poſſeſſed of little more than a *momentary Radiancy.* The Sun, that lights them up, will ſoon exhale them.

Within

* *Now Morn, her roſy Steps in th' Eaſtern Clime*
Advancing, ſow'd the Earth with orient Pearl.
MILT.

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Within another Hour, we may "look for "their Place, and they ſhall be away." —— Oh! may every good Reſolution of mine, and of my Flock's; may our united Breathings after GOD, not be like theſe *tranſient Decorations* of the Morning; but like the *ſubſtantial Glories* of the growing Day! Theſe ſhine more and more, with augmented Splendors; while thoſe, having glittered gayly for a little while, diſappear, and are loſt. *The path of the juſt is as a ſhining light &c.*

How ſenſibly has this Dew *refreſhed* the Vegetable Kingdoms! The fervent Heat of Yeſterday's Sun had almoſt parched the Face of Nature. But what a ſovereign Reſtorative are theſe cooling Diſtillations of the Night! How they gladden and invigorate the languiſhing Herbs! Sprinkled with theſe reviving Drops, their Colours deepen, and they aſſume a more florid Aſpect. —— So does the ever-bleſſed SPIRIT *revive* the drooping, troubled *Conſcience* of a Sinner. When that Almighty Comforter ſheds his ſweet Influence on the Soul; diſplays the all-ſufficient Sacrifice of a Divine Redeemer; and "witneſſes with our Spirit," that we are intereſted in the Saviour, and, by this means,

means, are Children of GOD; then, what a pleasing Change ensues! Former Anxieties are remembred no more. The inward Gloom is dissipated, and every uneasy Apprehension vanishes. Soothing Hopes, and delightful Expectations, succeed. The Countenance drops its dejected Mien; the Eyes brighten with a lively Chearfulness, while the Lips express the Heart-felt Satisfaction, in the Langnage of Thanksgiving, and the Voice of Melody. —— In this Sense, merciful GOD, *be as the Dew unto Israel!* "Pour upon them the continual Dew of thy Blessing." And Oh! let not my Fleece be dry, while Heavenly Benediction descends upon all around.

WHO can *number* these pearly Drops! They hang on every Hedge; twinkle from every Spray; and adorn the whole Herbage of the Field. Not a Blade of Grass, not a single Leaf, but wears these watery Pendants. So vast is the Profusion, that it baffles the Arithmetician's Art. —— Here, let the benevolent Breast contemplate, with Delight, that emphatical Scripture, which describes the *Increase* of the *Messiah's Kingdom*, from this elegant Similitude: The

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Royal Prophet, ſpeaking of CHRIST, and foretelling the Succeſs of his Religion, has this remarkable Expreſſion *, *The Dew of*

* *Pſalm* cx. 3. מרחם משחר לך טל ילדתך. The moſt exact Tranſlation of this difficult Paſſage is, I apprehend, as follows; *Præ rore uteri auroræ, tibi eſt ros juventutis vel prolis tuæ.* The Dew of thy Birth is larger, more copious, than the Dew which proceeds from the Womb of the Morning. ——— I cannot acquieſce in the new Verſion; becauſe that disjoins *The Womb of the Morning*, from *The Dew of thy Birth*: Whereas they ſeem to have a clear Affinity, and cloſe Connexion. The Womb of the Morning is, with Abundance of Elegance, applied to the Conception and Production of Dews; agreeably to a delicate Line, in that great Maſter of juſt Deſcription, and lively Painting, Mr. *Thomſon*:

The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews.
Summer.

Job, I remember, has a fine Expreſſion, that may ſerve to confirm this Remark, and illuſtrate the Propriety of the Phraſe uſed in this Connection: "Hath "the Rain a Father, or who hath *begotten the Drops* "*of Dew?*" It ſeems, the Oriental Writers delighted to repreſent the Dew, as a kind of Birth, as the Offſpring of the Morning. And if ſo, ſurely there could be no Image, in the whole Compaſs of the Univerſe, better adapted to the Pſalmiſt's Purpoſe; or more ſtrongly ſignificant of thoſe Multitudes of Proſelytes, which were "born, not of Blood, nor of the Will of "the Fleſh, nor of the Will of Man, but of GOD;" by the powerful Energy of his Word and Spirit. —— Upon this Suppoſition, the whole Verſe deſcribes

The willing Subjection,
The gracious Accompliſhments, } of Chriſt's Converts.
And the vaſt Number,

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of thy Birth is of the Womb of the Morning; (i. e.) As the Morning is the Mother of Dews;

q. d. *In the Day of thy Power*, when thy glorious Goſpel ſhall be publiſhed to the World, and accompanied with marvellous Efficacy ——— In that memorable Period, *Thy People*, diſcontinuing the former Oblations, commanded under the *Moſaic* Law, ſhall devote *themſelves*, as ſo many *living Sacrifices*, to thy Honour. Not conſtrained by Force, but charmed with thy Excellency, they ſhall come in *Volunteers* to thy Service, and be *free-will Offerings* in thy Church. ——— Neither ſhall they be "empty Vines," or bare Profeſſors, but ſhall walk in all *the Beauties of Holineſs*, and bring forth ſuch amiable Fruit, as will adorn the Doctrine they embrace —— And, what is ſtill more deſireable, they ſhall be as *numerous*, as they are willing and holy. Born to Thee in Numbers, even more immenſe and inconceivable, than the Drops of Dew, which are begotten by the Night, and iſſue from the Womb of the recent Morning.

By this Interpretation, the Text, I think, is cleared of its Obſcurity; and appears both truly ſublime, and perfectly juſt.

May I be pardoned the Digreſſion, and acquitted from Preſumption, if, on this Occaſion, I take Leave to animadvert upon what ſeems harſh and unnatural, in the common Expoſition of the laſt Verſe of this Pſalm? All the Commentators (at leaſt all that I have had Opportunity to conſult) inform their Readers, That to *drink of the Brook in the Way*, ſignifies to undergo Sufferings and Death: Which, in my Opinion, is a Conſtruction extremely forced, and hardly ſupportable; altogether remote from the Import of ſuch poetical Forms of Diction, uſual among the Eaſtern Nations. In thoſe ſultry Climes, nothing in the World could be more welcome to the Traveller, than a Brook ſtreaming near his Paths. To lave his Feet, and quench his Thirſt, in the cooling Current, was one of the greateſt Refreſh-

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Dews; produces them, as it were, from a prolific Womb; and ſcatters them, with the

Refreſhments imaginable, and re-animated him to purſue his Journey. For which Reaſon, among others, *Brooks* are a very favourite Image with the inſpired Penmen; uſed to denote a Situation fertile and delightful, or a State of Pleaſure and Satisfaction; but never, that I can recollect, to picture out the contrary Condition of Tribulation and Diſtreſs.

The *Water-floods*, indeed, in the ſacred Writings, often repreſent ſome imminent Danger, or grievous Affliction. But then they are not —— נחלים נחרך —— Streams ſo *calm*, that they keep within their Banks, and glide quietly by the Traveller's Footſteps; ſo *clear*, that they are fit for the Way-faring Man's Uſe, and invite his Lips to a Draught; both which Notions are plainly implied in the Text. —— They are rather —— משברי —— boiſterous Billows, burſting over a Ship, or daſhing themſelves, with dreadful Impetuoſity, upon the Shore: Or —— שבלת —— ſweeping Inundations, that drown the neighbouring Country, and bear down all before them. —— Beſides, in theſe Inſtances of Horror, we never find the Word —— ישתה ——"He ſhall drink;" which conveys a pleaſing Idea (unleſs, when it relates to a Cup, filled with bitter, intoxicating, or impoiſoned Liquors; a Caſe quite different from that under Conſideration); but either —— בצת —— which imports Terror and Aſtoniſhment: Or elſe —— שטף and עבר —— which ſignify to ruſh upon; to overwhelm; and even to bury under the Waves.

Upon the whole; May not the Paſſage more properly allude to the *Influences* of the *Holy Ghoſt?* which were communicated, in unmeaſurable Degrees, to our great High Prieſt; and were, in fact, the Cauſe of his ſurmounting all Difficulties. —— Theſe are frequently repreſented by *Waters*; "Whoſo believeth on Me,

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the moſt laviſh Abundance, over all the Surface of the Earth: *ſo ſhall thy Seed be*, O thou Everlaſting Father! By the Preaching of thy Word, ſhall ſuch an innumerable Race of regenerate Children be born unto Thee, and fill all Lands. Millions, Millions of willing Converts ſhall croud into thy Family, and repleniſh thy Church; till they become like the Stars of Heaven, or the Sands of the Sea, for Multitude; or even as numberleſs as theſe fine Spangles, which now cover the Face of Nature. —— Behold

" out of his Belly ſhall flow Rivers of *living Waters.*" And the Enjoyment of them is deſcribed by *drinking*; " He that *drinketh* of the Water that I ſhall give him, " ſhall never thirſt." ——— Then, the Senſe may run in this well-connected and perſpicuous Manner. If it be asked, How ſhall the Redeemer be able to execute the various and important Offices, foretold in the preceding Parts of the Pſalm? the Prophet replies, *He ſhall drink of the Brook in the Way.* He ſhall not be left barely to his human Nature, which muſt unavoidably ſink under the tremendous Work of recovering a loſt World: But thro' the whole Courſe of his incarnate State, through the whole Adminiſtration of his Mediatorial Kingdom, ſhall be ſupported with omnipotent Succours. He ſhall drink at the Brook of Almighty Power, and travel on in the Greatneſs of an uncreated Strength. —— *Therefore ſhall he lift up his Head.* By this means, ſhall he be equal to the prodigious Task, and ſuperior to all Oppoſition. By this means, ſhall he be thoroughly ſucceſsful, in whatever he undertakes; and greatly triumphant over all his Enemies.

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hold then, Ye *obſtinately Wicked*, though you " are not gathered, yet will the Saviour " be glorious." His Deſign ſhall not miſcarry, nor his Labour prove abortive, tho' you render it of none Effect with regard to yourſelves. Think not, that IMMANUEL will want Believers, or Heaven Inhabitants, becauſe You continue incorrigible. No; the Lamb that was ſlain, will " ſee of the Tra- " vail of his Soul, and be ſatisfied," in a never-failing Series of faithful People below, and an immenſe Choir of glorified Saints above; who ſhall form his Retinue, and ſurround his Throne, in ſhining and triumphant Armies, ſuch as no Man can number.

HERE I was reminded of the various Expedients which Providence, unſearchably wiſe, uſes, to fructify both the material and intellectual World. —— Sometimes, you ſhall have *impetuous* and heavy *Showers*, burſting from the angry Clouds. They laſh the Plains, and make the Rivers foam. A Storm brings them, and a Deluge follows them. —— At other Times, theſe gentle

Dews

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Dews are formed in the ſerene Evening Air: They ſteal down by ſoft Degrees, and with inſenſible Stilneſs; ſo ſubtile, that they deceive the niceſt Eye; ſo ſilent, that they eſcape the moſt delicate Ear. — Yet theſe very different Operations concur in the ſame beneficial End, and impart Fertility to the Lap of Nature. — So ſome, have I known, reclaimed from the unfruitful Works of Darkneſs by *violent* and ſevere *Means*. The Almighty addreſſed their ſtubborn Hearts, as he addreſſed the *Iſraelites* at *Sinai*, with Lightening in his Eyes, and Thunder in his Voice. The Mind, ſmit with a Senſe of Guilt, and apprehenſive of eternal Vengeance, trembled through all her Powers; juſt as that ſtrong Mountain tottered to its Centre. Pangs and Agonies preceded their New Birth. They travailed in Pain, and were reduced to the ſoreſt Extremities, before they found Reſt to their Souls. — Others have been recovered from a vain Converſation, by *Methods* more *mild* and attractive. The Father of Spirits applied Himſelf to their tender Conſciences, in " a ſtill and ſmall " Voice." His Grace came down as the

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Rain into a Fleece of Wool, or as these softening Drops that now water the Earth. The Kingdom of GOD took place in their Hearts, without Noise or Observation. They passed from Death unto Life, from a carnal to a regenerate State, by almost imperceptible Advances. The Transition seemed like the Growth of the Corn, very visible, when effected, though scarce sensible, while accomplishing. —— O Thou Author and Finisher of our Faith, recal us from our Wanderings, and re-unite us to Thyself! Whether Thou alarm us with thy *Terrors*, or allure us with thy *Smiles*; whether Thou drive us with the Scourges of Conviction, or draw us with the Cords of Love: Let us, in any wise, return to Thee; for Thou art our Supreme Good; Thou art our Only Happiness.

III BEFORE I proceed further, let me ascend the *Terrace*, and take one Survey of the neighbouring *Country*. —— O! What a Prospect rushes upon my Sight! How vast; how various; how "full and plenteous with "all manner of Store!" Nature's whole Wealth! —— What a rich and inexhaustible Magazine

Magazine is here, furniſhing Subſiſtence for every Creature! Methinks, I read, in theſe ſpacious Volumes, a moſt lively Comment, upon that noble Celebration of the Divine Beneficence; *He openeth his Hand, and filleth all Things living with Plenteouſneſs.*

Theſe are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good, Almighty! Thine this univerſal Frame, Thus wond'rous fair! Thyſelf how wond'rous then! MILT.

THE *Fields*, I obſerve, are covered deep, and ſtand thick, with Corn. They expand the Milky Grain to the Sun, in order to receive from his Beams a more firm Conſiſtence, and a golden Hue; that they may be qualified to fill the Husbandman's Barns with Plenty, and his Heart with Gladneſs.

YONDER lie the *Meadows*, ſmoothed into a perfect Level; decorated with an Embroidery of the gayeſt Flowers, and loaded with * *ſpontaneous* Crops of *Herbage*; which, converted into Hay, will prove a moſt

* —— *Injuſſa viteſcunt*
Gramina. —— VIRG.

moſt commodious Proviſion for the Barrenneſs of Winter; will ſupply with Fodder our ſerviceable Animals, when all the Verdure of the Plains is killed by Froſts, or buried in Snows. —— A winding *Stream* glides along the flowery Margin, and receives the Image of the bending Skies, and waters the Roots of many a branching Willow. 'Tis ſtocked, no doubt, with Variety of *Fiſh*, that afford a ſolitary Diverſion to the Angler, and nouriſh for his Table a delicious Treat. Nor is it the only Merit of this liquid Element, to maintain the finny Nations; it alſo carries Cleanlineſs, and diſpenſes Fruitfulneſs, where-ever it rolls the cryſtal Current.

THE *Paſtures*, with their verdant Mounds, chequer the Proſpect, and prepare a ſtanding *Repaſt* for our *Cattle*. There, "our "Oxen are made ſtrong to labour, and our "Sheep bring forth Thouſands, and Ten "thouſands." There, the Horſe acquires Vigour, for the Diſpatch of our Buſineſs, and Speed to expedite our Journeys. From thence, the Kine bring home their Udders diſtended with one of the richeſt and healthieſt Liquors in the World.

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ON ſeveral Spots, a *Grove* of Trees, like ſome grand Colonnade, erects its towering Head. Every one projects a friendly Shade for the Beaſts, and creates a hoſpitable Lodging for the Birds. Every one ſtands ready to furniſh *Timber* for a Palace, or Maſts for a Navy; or, with a more condeſcending Courteſy, *Fuel* for our Hearths. —— One of them ſeems skirted with a wild uncultivated *Heath*; which, like well-diſpoſed Shades in Painting, throws an additional Luſtre on the more ornamented Parts of the Landſchape. Nor is its Uſefulneſs, like that of a Foil, relative only, but real. There, ſeveral valuable *Creatures* are produced and accommodated, without any Expence or Care of ours. There, likewiſe, ſpring abundance of thoſe *Herbs*, which aſſwage the Smart of our Wounds, and allay the fiery Tumults of the Fever; which impart Floridity to our circulating Fluids; add a more vigorous Tone to our active Solids; and, thereby, repair the Decays of our enfeebled Conſtitutions.

NEARER the Houſes, one perceives a ſpacious *Spread of Branches*; not ſo ſtately as the Oaks, but more amiable for their annual Services. A little while ago, I beheld

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held them; and all was one beauteous, boundleſs Waſte of *Bloſſoms*. The Eye marvelled at the lovely Sight, and the Heart rejoiced in the Proſpect of autumnal Plenty. But now the blooming Maid is reſigned for the uſeful Matron: The Flower is fallen, and the *Fruit* ſwells out on every Twig. —— Breathe ſoft, ye Winds! O! ſpare the tender Fruitage, ye ſurly Blaſts! Let the *Pear-tree* ſuckle her juicy Progeny, till they drop into our Hands, and diſſolve in our Mouths. Let the *Plum* hang un-moleſted upon her Boughs, till ſhe fatten her delicious Fleſh, and cloud her poliſhed Skin with Blue. And as for the *Apples*, that ſtaple Commodity of our *Orchards*, let no injurious Shocks precipitate them immaturely to the Ground; till revolving Suns have tinged them with a ruddy Complexion, and concocted them into an exquiſite Flavour. Then, what innumerable Claſſes, of what burniſhed Rinds, and what delightful Reliſhes, will repleniſh the Store-room! Some, to preſent us with an early Entertainment, and refreſh our Palates amidſt the ſultry Heats: Some, to borrow Ripeneſs from the falling Snows, and carry Autumn into the Depths of Win-

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ter: Some, to adorn the Salver, make a Part of the Deſſert, and give an agreeable* Cloſe to our Feaſts: Others, to fill our Vats with a foaming Flood; which, mellowed by Age, may ſparkle in the Glaſs, with a Livelineſs and Delicacy, little inferior to the Blood of the Grape.

IV. AT a Diſtance, one deſcries the mighty *Hills:* They heave their huge Ridges among the Clouds, and look like the Barriers of Kingdoms, and Boundaries of Nature. Bare and deformed as their Surface may appear, their Bowels are fraught with inward Treaſures. Treaſures, lodged faſt in the *Quarries*, or ſunk deep in the *Mines*. From thence Induſtry may draw her Implements, to plow the Soil, to reap the Grain, and procure every neceſſary Convenience. From thence Art may fetch her Materials, to rear the Dome, to ſwell the Organ, and form the nobleſt Ornaments of politer Life.

V. ON another Side, the *great Deep* terminates the View. "There go the Ships: "There is that Leviathan:" And there, in that World of Waters, an inconceivable Number

* ——— *ab Ovo*
Uſque ad Mala. ——— HOR.

Number of Animals have their Habitation. This is the capacious *Ciſtern* of the *Univerſe*, that admits, as into a Receptacle, and diſtributes, as from a Reſervoir, whatever waters the whole Globe. There's not a Fountain that guſhes in the unfrequented Deſart, nor a Rivulet that flows in the remoteſt Continent, nor a Cloud that ſwims in the Regions of the Firmament, but is fed by this all-repleniſhing Source. —— The Ocean is the grand *Vehicle* of *Trade*, and the Uniter of diſtant Nations: To us it is peculiarly kind, not only as it wafts into our Ports the Harveſt of every Climate; renders our Iſland the Centre of Traffick; but alſo as it ſecures us from foreign Invaſions, by a ſort of impregnable Entrenchment *.

METHINKS,

* I hope, this little Excurſion into the Country will not be looked upon as a *Departure* from my Subject; becauſe a rural View, though no eſſential Part of a Garden, is yet neceſſary to complete its Beauty. —— As *Uſefulneſs* is the moſt valuable Property that can attend any Production, this is the Circumſtance chiefly touched upon in the Survey of the Landſchape. Though every Piece of this extenſive and diverſified Scene is caſt in the moſt elegant Mold; yet nothing is calculated merely for Shew and Parade. You ſee nothing formed in the Taſte of the oſtentatious Obelisk, or inſignificant:

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VI

METHINKS, the View of this profuse Munificence inspires a *secret Delight*, and kindles a *disinterested Good-will*. —— While the "little Hills clap their Hands," and the luxuriant "Valleys laugh and sing," who can forbear catching the general Joy? Who is not touched with lively Sensations of Pleasure? —— While the everlasting Father is scattering Blessings through his whole Family, and crowning the Year with his Goodness, who does not feel his Breast overflowing with a diffusive Benevolence? —— My Heart, I must confess, beats high with Satisfaction, and breathes out *congratulatory Wishes* upon all the Tenants of these rural Abodes: "Peace be within your Walls, as "well as Plenteousness around your Dwel-"lings." Live, ye highly favoured; live sensible of your Benefits, and thankful to your Benefactor. Look round upon these prodigiously large Incomes of the fruitful Soil, and call them (for you have free Leave) all your own. —— Only let me remind you of one

significant Pomp of the Pyramid. No such idle Expences were admitted into that consummate Plan, which regulated the Structure of the Universe. All the Decorations of Nature are no less *advantageous*, than *ornamental*; such as speak the Maker infinitely beneficent, as well as incomparably magnificent.

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one very important Truth. Let me ſuggeſt, and may you never forget, That you are *obliged* to CHRIST JESUS for every one of theſe Accommodations, which ſpring from the teeming Earth, and ſmiling Skies: For,

1. CHRIST* *made* them, when they were not.

* When I aſcribe the Work of Creation to the SON, I am far, very far, from offering to exclude the eternal FATHER, and ever-bleſſed SPIRIT, from the ſame Honour. The Acts of thoſe inconceivably glorious Perſons are, like their Eſſence, undivided and one. But I chooſe to ſtate the important Point in this Manner, becauſe This is the manifeſt Doctrine of the New Teſtament; the expreſs Belief of our Church, and a moſt noble Peculiarity of the Goſpel Revelation. —— I chooſe it alſo, becauſe I would take every Opportunity of inculcating and celebrating the *Divinity* of the REDEEMER: A Truth, that imparts an unutterable Dignity to Chriſtianity: A Truth, which lays a moſt immoveable Foundation for all the comfortable Hopes of a Chriſtian: A Truth, which will render the Myſtery of our Redemption, the Wonder and Delight of Eternity: And with this Truth, every one will obſerve, my Aſſertion is inſeparably connected.

If any one queſtions, Whether this be the Doctrine of our Church, let the *Creed*, which we repeat in all our more ſolemn Devotions, determine his Doubt. "I believe," ſays that Form of ſound Words," in one "LORD JESUS CHRIST, very GOD of very GOD, "*by whom all Things were made.*" —— If it be farther inquired, From whence the *Nicene* Fathers derived this Article of their Faith? I anſwer; From the Writings of the beloved Diſciple, who lay on the Saviour's Boſom, and of that great Apoſtle, who was caught up into the Third Heaven. *John* i. 3. *Coloſſ.* i. 16.

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not. —— He fetched them up from utter Darkneſs, and gave them both their Being, and their Beauty. He created the Materials of which they are compoſed, and moulded them into this endleſs Multiplicity of amiable Forms, and uſeful Subſtances. He arrayed the Heavens with a Veſture of the mildeſt Blue, and cloathed the Earth in a Livery of the gayeſt Green: His Pencil ſtreaked, and his Breath perfumed, whatever is beautiful or fragrant in the Univerſe. His Strength ſet faſt the Mountains; His Goodneſs garniſhed the Vales; and the ſame *Touch* that healed the *Leper*, wrought the whole viſible *Syſtem* into this complete Perfection.

2. CHRIST *recovered* them, when they were forfeited. —— By *Adam*'s Sin we loſt our Right to the Comforts of Life, and Fruits of the Ground: His Diſobedience was the moſt impious and horrid *Treaſon*, againſt the KING of Kings. Conſequently, his whole Patrimony became confiſcated; as well the Portion of temporal good Things, ſettled upon the human Race during their Minority, as that everlaſting Heritage reſerved for their Enjoyment, when they ſhould

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come to full Age. But the "Seed of the "Woman," inſtantly interpoſing, took off the *Attainder*, and redeemed the alienated Inheritance. The Firſt *Adam* being diſinherited, the Second *Adam** was *appointed Heir of all Things*, viſible, as well as inviſible: And we hold our Poſſeſſion of the one, and expect an Inſtatement in the other, purely by virtue of our Alliance to Him, and our Union with Him.

3. CHRIST *upholds* them, which would otherwiſe tumble into Ruin. — *By Him*, ſays the Oracle of Inſpiration, *all Things*

* *Heb.* i. 2. — In this Senſe, CHRIST is *the Saviour of all Men*. The former and latter Rain, the precious Fruits of the Earth, Bread to eat, and Raiment to put on, — all theſe He purchaſed even for his irreclaimable Enemies. They eat of his Bread, who lift up their Heel againſt Him.

We learn from hence, in what a peculiar and endearing Light, the *Chriſtian* is to contemplate the Things that are ſeen. *Heathens* might diſcover an eternal Power and infinite Wiſdom in the Structure of the Univerſe: Heathens might acknowlege a moſt ſtupendous Liberality, in the unreſerved Grant of the whole Fabrick, with all its Furniture, to the Service of Man. But the Chriſtian ſhould ever keep in mind his Forfeiture of them, and the Price paid to redeem them. He ſhould receive theſe Gifts of indulgent Providence, as the *Iſraelites* received the Law, from the Hand of a Mediator: Or rather, To Him they ſhould come, not only iſſuing from the Stores of an unbounded Bounty, but ſwimming (as it were) in that crimſon Tide, which ſtreamed from IMMANUEL's Veins.

*conſiſt**. His Finger rolls the Seaſons round, and preſides over all the celeſtial Revolutions. His Finger winds up the Wheels, and impels every Spring of vegetative Nature. In a Word, the whole Weight of the Creation reſts upon his mighty Arm, and receives the whole Harmony of its Motion from his unerring Eye. —— This habitable Globe, with all its rich Appendages, and fine Machinery, could no more continue, than they could create themſelves. Start they would into inſtant Confuſion, or drop into their primitive Nothing, did not his Power ſupport, and his Wiſdom regulate them, every Moment. In Conformity to his Will, they ſubſiſt ſtedfaſt and invariable in their Orders; and wait only for his ſovereign Nod, to "fall away like Water, "that runneth apace."

4. CHRIST

* *Col.* i. 17. I beg leave to ſubjoin St. *Chryſoſtom*'s pertinent and beautiful Note, upon the Paſſage; by which it will appear, that the Sentiment of theſe Sections is not merely a private Opinion, but the avowed Belief of the Primitive Church. Τυτεστιν, ſays the eloquent Father, εις αυτον χρεμαται η παντων υποστασις· ω μονον αυτα εκ τε μη οντος εις το ειναι παρηγαγεν, αλλα και αυτος αυτα συνεχει παντοτε· ωστε αν αποστη της αυτε προνοιας, απολωλε και διεφθαρται.

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4. CHRIST * *actuates* them, which would otherwiſe be lifeleſs and inſignificant. Penſioners they are, conſtant Penſioners on his Bounty, and borrow their *All* from his Fulneſs. *He only has Life*; and whatever operates, operates by an Emanation from his All-ſufficiency. Does the Grape refreſh you with its enlivening Juices? It is by a Warrant received, and Virtue derived, from the Redeemer. Does Bread ſtrengthen your Heart, and prove the Staff of your Life? Remember, that it is by the Saviour's Appointment, and through the Efficacy of his Operation. You are charmed with his Melody, when the "Time of ſinging of Birds "is come, and the Voice of the Night-"ingale is heard in your Land." You taſte *his* Goodneſs in the luſcious Fig, the melting Peach, and the musky Flavour of the Apricot. You ſmell *his* Sweetneſs in the

* *John* v. 17. *My Father worketh hitherto, and I work*; i. e. I exert that unremitting and unwearied Energy, which is the Life of the Creation. Thus the Words are paraphraſed by a maſterly Expoſitor, who has illuſtrated the Life of our bleſſed LORD, in the moſt elegant Taſte of Criticiſm, with the moſt amiable Spirit of Devotion, and without any Mixture of the malignant Leaven, or low Singularities of a Party. See the *Family Expoſitor*, Vol. I. Sect. 47.

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opening Honeyſuckle, and every odoriferous Shrub. Could theſe Creatures ſpeak for themſelves, they would, doubtleſs, diſclaim all Sufficiency of their own, and aſcribe the whole Honour to their Maker. —" We are Servants, would they ſay, " of HIM, who died for you. *Ciſterns* " only, dry Ciſterns in ourſelves, we *tranſ-* " *mit* to Mortals, no more than the uncre- " ated Fountain transfuſes into us. Think " not, that from any Ability of our own, " we furniſh you with Aſſiſtance, or admi- " niſter to your Comfort. 'Tis the Divine " Energy, the Divine Energy alone, that " works in us, and does you Good. —We " *ſerve* you, O ye Sons of Men, that you " may *love* Him, who placed us in theſe " Stations. O! love the LORD, therefore, " all ye who are ſupported by our Miniſtry; " or elſe we ſhall * groan with Indignation, " and Regret, at your Abuſe of our Ser- " vices. — Uſe us, and welcome; for we " are yours, if ye are CHRIST'S. Crop " our choiceſt Beauties; rifle all our Trea- " ſures; accommodate yourſelves with our " moſt valuable Qualities; only let us be " In-

* *Rom.* viii. 22.

" Incentives to Gratitude, and Motives to " Obedience."

VII. HAVING gazed the ſpacious *Sky*, and ſent a Glance round the *inferior Creation*; 'tis time to deſcend from this Eminence, and confine my Attention to the *beautiful Spot* below. —— Here Nature, always pleaſing, every where lovely, appears with peculiar Attractions. Yonder, ſhe ſeems dreſſed in her *Deſhabille*; grand, but irregular. Here, ſhe calls in her Handmaid Art, and ſhines in all the delicate *Ornaments*, that the niceſt *Cultivation* can convey. Thoſe are her *common Apartments*, where ſhe lodges her ordinary Gueſts: This is her *Cabinet of Curioſities*, where ſhe entertains her intimate Acquaintance. —— My Eye ſhall often expatiate over thoſe Scenes of univerſal Fertility: My Feet ſhall ſometimes bruſh thro' the Thicket, or traverſe the Lawn, or ſtroll along the Foreſt Glade: But to this delightful Retreat ſhall be my chief Reſort. Thither will I make Excurſions; but Here will I dwell.

IF, from my low Procedure, I may form an Alluſion to the moſt exalted Practices, I would obſerve, upon this Occaſion, That the

the celebrated *Eraſmus*, and our judicious *Locke*, having trod the Circle of the Sciences, and ranged thro' the whole Extent of *human Literature*, at length betook themſelves ſolely to the *Bible*: Leaving the Sages of Antiquity, they ſat inceſſantly at the Feet of JESUS: Wiſely they withdrew from that immenſe Multiplicity of Learning; from thoſe endleſs Tracts of amuſing Erudition, where noxious Weeds are mixed with wholſome Herbs; where is generally a much larger Growth of prickly Shrubs, than of fruitful Boughs: They ſpent their moſt mature Hours in thoſe hallowed Gardens, which GOD's own Wiſdom planted; which GOD's own Spirit watereth; and in which GOD's own Son is continually walking: Where He meeteth thoſe that ſeek Him, and revealeth to them the Glories of his Perſon, and the Riches of his Goodneſs.

THUS would I finiſh the Remainder of my Days: Having had a Taſte of the *politer Studies*; may I devote my future Application to the *lively Oracles!* From other Purſuits, one may glean ſome Fragments of ſpecious Inſtruction: From this I truſt to reap

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reap a Harveſt of the ſublimeſt Truths*.—— Waft me then, O! waft my Mind, to *Sion*'s conſecrated Bowers. Let my Thoughts perpetually rove through the awfully-pleaſing Walks of Inſpiration. Here grow thoſe Heaven-born Plants, the Trees of *Life* and *Knowlege*; whoſe ambroſial Fruits we now may "take, and eat, and live for ever." Here flow thoſe precious Streams of *Grace* and *Righteouſneſs*; whoſe living Waters "whoſoever drinks, ſhall thirſt no more." And what can the Fables of *Grecian* Song, or the fineſt Pages of *Roman* Eloquence—— What can they exhibit in any Degree, comparable to theſe matchleſs Prerogatives of Revelation?—— Therefore, though I ſhould not diſlike to pay a Viſit now-and-then to my Heathen Maſters, I would live with the Prophets and Apoſtles. With the one I would carry on ſome occaſional Correſpondence; but the others ſhould be my Boſom-Friends, my inſeparable Companions, "my "Delight, and my Counſellors."

WHAT

* *Quicquid docetur, Veritas; quicquid præcipitur, Benitas; quicquid promittitur, Felicitas.*

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VIII. WHAT *Sweets* are these, that so agreeably salute my Nostrils? They are the Breath of the Flowers; the Incense of the Garden. —How liberally does the Jessamine dispense her odoriferous Riches! How deliciously has the Woodbine imbalmed this Morning-walk! The Air is all Perfume. —And is not this another most engaging Argument, to forsake the Bed of *Sloth*? Who would lie dissolved in senseless Slumbers, while so many breathing Sweets invite him to a Feast of Fragrancy? Especially considering, That the advancing Day will exhale the volatile Dainties. A *fugitive Treat* they are, prepared only for the Wakeful and Industrious: Whereas when the Sluggard lifts his heavy Eyes, the Flowers will droop; their fine Scents be dissipated; and, instead of this refreshing Humidity, the Air will become a kind of liquid Fire.

WITH this very *Motive*, heightened by a Representation of the most charming Pieces of Morning Scenery, the Parent of Mankind awakes his lovely Consort. There is such a Delicacy in the Choice, and so much *Life* in the Description, of these rural Images

Images, that I cannot excuſe myſelf, without repeating the whole Paſſage. —— Whiſper it, ſome friendly *Genius*, in the Ear of every one, that is now ſunk in Sleep, and loſt to all theſe noble Gratifications!

Awake: The Morning ſhines, and the freſh Field
Calls you: Ye loſe the Prime, to mark how ſpring
The tended Plants, how blows the citron Grove;
What drops the Myrrh, and what the balmy Reed;
How Nature paints her Colours; how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom, extracting liquid Sweets.

MILT.

How *delightful* is this Fragrance! It is diſtributed in the niceſt *Proportion*; neither ſo ſtrong, as to oppreſs the Organs; nor ſo faint, as to elude them. We often ſit cloyed and ſated at a ſumptuous Banquet; but This Pleaſure never loſes its *Poignancy*, never palls the Appetite. —— Here Luxury itſelf is innocent and refined; or rather, in this Caſe, Indulgence is incapable of Exceſs. This balmy Entertainment not only regales the *Senſe*, but * chears the very *Soul*; and, inſtead of cloying, elates its Powers. —— It puts me in mind of that ever-memorable Sacrifice, which was once made in behalf of

* *Ointment and Perfume rejoice the Heart.* Prov. xxvii. 9.

offending Mortals. I mean the *Sacrifice of the holy* JESUS, when He offered up Himſelf to GOD, "for a ſweet-ſmelling Sa-"vour." For ſuch the Holy Spirit ſtiles that wonderful Oblation; as if no Image in the whole ſenſible Creation was ſo proper to give us an Idea of the ineffable Satisfaction, which the Father of Mercies conceived from that unparallel'd Atonement, as the pleaſing Senſations, which ſuch rich Perfumes are capable of raiſing. "Thouſands of "Rams, and Ten thouſands of Rivers of "Oil," from an apoſtate World; the moſt ſubmiſſive Acknowlegements, added to the moſt coſtly Offerings, from Men of defiled Hands, and unclean Lips, What could they have effected? A Prophet introduces the "High "and Lofty One, that inhabiteth Eternity," turning Himſelf away from ſuch filthy Rags; turning Himſelf away, with a diſdainful Abhorrence, as from the noiſome Steams of a Dunghil. —— But in CHRIST's immaculate Holineſs, in CHRIST's conſummate Obedience, in CHRIST's moſt precious Blood-ſhedding, O! with what un-imaginable Complacency, does Juſtice reſt ſatisfied, and Vengeance acquieſce! —— All thy Works,

Works, O Thou Surety for ruined Sinners! all thy Sufferings, O Thou ſlaughtered Lamb of GOD! as well as all thy Garments, O Thou Bridegroom of thy Church! * *ſmell of Myrrh, Aloes, and Caſſia!* They are infinitely more grateful to the Eternal Godhead, than the choiceſt Exhalations of the Garden, than all the Odours of the ſpicy Eaſt, can be to our Noſtrils.

AS the Altar of old ſanctified the Gift, ſo this is the great Propitiation, which recommends the obnoxious Perſons, and unprofitable Services, of the believing World. In this may my Soul be intereſted! By this may it be reconciled to the Father! —— There is ſuch a leprous *Depravity* cleaving to my Nature, as pollutes whatever I perform. My moſt profound Adorations, and ſincereſt Acts of Religion, muſt not preſume to challenge a Reward, but humbly implore Forgiveneſs: Renouncing, therefore, Myſelf in every Inſtance of Duty; diſclaiming all Shadow of Confidence in any Deeds of my own; may I now and evermore *be accepted through the Beloved!*

* *Pſalm* xlv. 9.

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WHAT *Colours*, what charming Colours, are here! Theſe ſo nobly bold, and Thoſe ſo delicately languid. What a Glow is enkindled in ſome! What a Gloſs ſhines upon others! In one, methinks, I ſee the Ruby, with her bleeding Radiance; in another, the Sapphire, with her Sky-tinctured Blue; in all, ſuch an exquiſite Richneſs of Dyes, as no other Set of Paintings in the Univerſe can boaſt. — With what a Maſterly *Skill* is every one of the varying Tints *diſpoſed!* Here, they ſeem to be thrown on with an eaſy Daſh of Security and Freedom; there, they are adjuſted by the niceſt Touches of Art and Accuracy. Thoſe which form the Ground, are always ſo judiciouſly choſen, as to heighten the Luſtre of the ſuperadded Figures; while the Verdure of the Impalement, or the Shadings of the Foliage, impart new Livelineſs to the Whole. Indeed, whether they are blended or arranged, ſoftened or contraſted, they are manifeſtly under the Conduct of a Taſte, that never miſtakes; a Felicity, that never falls ſhort of the very Perfection of Elegance. — How inimitably fine is the *Texture* of the Web,

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Web, on which these shining Treasures are displayed! What are the Labours of the *Persian* Looms, or the boasted Commodities of *Brussels*, compared with these curious Manufactures of Nature? Compared with these, the most admired Chintses would lose their Reputation; even superfine Cambricks appear coarse as Canvas in their Presence.

WHAT a chearing Argument does our Saviour derive from hence, to strengthen our *Affiance in* GOD! He directs us to learn a Lesson of Heaven-depending Faith, from every Bird that wings the Air, and from every Flower that blossoms in the Field. If Providence, with unremitted Care, supports those inferior Creatures; and arrays these insensible Beings, with so much Splendor; surely, He will in no wise with-hold from his elect Children, "Bread to eat, "and Raiment to put on." —— O ye faithful Followers of the Lamb, dismiss every low *Anxiety*, relating to the needful *Sustenance* of Life. He that feeds the Ravens, from an inexhaustible Magazine; He that paints the Plants, with such surpassing Elegance; in short, He that provides so liberally,

both for the animal and vegetable Parts of His Creation, will not, cannot, neglect His own People. "Fear not, little Flock; "it is your Father's good Pleasure to give "you a Kingdom." And if He freely give you an everlasting Kingdom hereafter, He will certainly allow you all necessary Conveniences here.

ONE cannot forbear reflecting, in this Place, on the too prevailing Humour, of being *fond and ostentatious of Dress*: What an abject and mistaken Ambition is this! How unworthy the Dignity of Immortal, and the Wisdom of Rational, Beings! Especially, since these little Productions of the Earth have indisputably the Pre-eminence, in such outward Embellishments. —— Go; cloathe thyself with Purple, and fine Linen; trick thyself up in all the gay Attire, that the Shuttle or the Needle can furnish: Yet, know, to the Mortification of thy Vanity, that the native Elegance of a common Daisy * eclipses all this elaborate Finery.

* *Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,*
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;
Yet with confess'd Magnificence deride
Our mean Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
PRIOR.

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Finery. —— Nay, wert thou decked like ſome illuſtrious Princeſs, on her Coronation-Day, in all the Splendor of Royal Apparel; couldſt thou equal even *Solomon*, in the Height of his Magnificence and Glory; yet would the meaneſt among the flowery Populace outſhine thee: Every diſcerning Eye would give the Preference to theſe Beauties of the * Ground. —— Scorn then to borrow thy Recommendations from a neat Diſpoſition of Threads, and a curious Arrangement of Colours. Aſſume a becoming Greatneſs of Temper: Let thy Endowments be of the immortal Kind: Study to be *all-glorious within:* Be cloathed with Humility: Wear the Ornament of a meek and quiet Spirit. To ſay all in a Word, *Put on the* LORD JESUS CHRIST: Let His Blood be ſprinkled upon thy Conſcience, and it ſhall be whiter than the Virgin Snows: Let His Righteouſneſs, like a ſpotleſs Robe, adorn thy inner Man, and thou ſhalt be amiable, even in the moſt diſtinguiſhing Eye of GOD. Let His Bleſſed Spirit dwell in thy Heart; and, under His ſanctifying

* Mr. *Cowley*, with his uſual Brilliancy of Imagination, ſtiles them *Stars of Earth.*

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ſanctifying Operations, thou ſhalt be made Partaker of a Divine Nature.

THESE are *real Excellencies*; truly noble Accompliſhments theſe. In this manner be arrayed, be beautified; and thou wilt not find a Rival in the Feathers of a Peacock, or the Foliation of a Tulip. Theſe will exalt thee far above the *low Pretenſions* of Lace and Embroidery. Theſe will prepare thee to ſtand in the beatifick Preſence, and to take thy Seat among the Angels of Light.

WHAT an inchanting *Situation* is this! One can ſcarce be melancholy within the *Atmoſphere* of Flowers: Such lively Hues, and delicious Odours, not only addreſs themſelves agreeably to the Senſes, but touch, with a ſurpriſing Delicacy, the ſweeteſt Movements of the Mind;

——— *To the Heart inſpiring*
Vernal Delight and Joy.

MILT.

HOW often have I felt them *diſſipate* the *Gloom* of *Thought*, and transfuſe a ſudden Gaiety through the dejected Spirit! I cannot wonder;

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wonder, that Kings descend from their Thrones, to walk amidst blooming Ivory and Gold; or retire from the most sumptuous Feasts, to be recreated with the most refined Sweets of the Garden: I cannot wonder, that Queens forego, for awhile, the Compliments of a Nation, to receive the Tribute of the Patterre; or withdraw from all the Glitter of a Court, to be attended with the much more splendid Equipage of a Bed of Flowers. —— But if this be so pleasing, what transporting Pleasure must arise, from the Fruition of uncreated Excellency! O, what *unknown Delight*, to enter into thy *immediate Presence*, most Blessed LORD GOD! To see Thee, Thou King of Heaven, and LORD of Glory, no longer "through a Glass "darkly, but Face to Face!" To have all thy Goodness, all thy Greatness, shine before us; and be made glad for ever with the brightest Discovery of thy Perfections, with the ineffable Joy of thy Countenance *!

THIS

* "I would have my Reader endeavour to MORALIZE this natural Pleasure of the Soul, and to improve this *vernal Delight*, as *Milton* calls it, into a "*Christian Virtue*. When we find ourselves inspired "with this pleasing Instinct, this secret Satisfaction and "Complacency, arising from the Beauties of the Creation, let us consider, to *Whom* we stand indebted

THIS we cannot bear in our preſent imperfect State. The *Effulgence* of unveiled Divinity would *dazle* a mortal Sight. Our feeble Faculties could not but be overwhelmed with ſuch a Fulneſs of Bliſs, and muſt lie oppreſſed under ſuch "an "exceeding great, eternal Weight of Glory." But when "this Corruptible hath put on In-"corruption," the Powers of the Soul will be all invigorated, and theſe earthly Tabernacles "transformed into a Likeneſs with "CHRIST's glorious Body." Then, tho' "*the Moon ſhall be confounded, and the "Sun aſhamed," when the LORD of Hoſts is revealed from Heaven, yet ſhall his faithful People be enabled to *ſee Him as He is.*

HERE then, my Wiſhes, here, be fixed: Be this your determined and invariable Aim: Here give a Looſe to your whole Ardour: Cry out, All that is within me, in the Language of Inſpiration, *This one Thing have I de-*

"for all theſe Entertainments of Senſe; and *Who* it "is that thus opens his Hand, and fills the World with "Good. ——— Such an habitual Diſpoſition of Mind "conſecrates every Field and Wood; turns an ordi-"nary Walk into a Morning or Evening Sacrifice; "and will improve thoſe tranſient Gleams of Joy, "which naturally brighten up and refreſh the Soul on "ſuch Occaſions, into an inviolable and perpetual State "of Bliſs and Happineſs." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 394.

* *Iſai.* xxiv. 23.

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I desired of the LORD; *which*, with incessant Earnestness *I will require, that I may dwell in the* celestial *House of the* LORD *all the Days of my* future *Life, to behold the fair Beauty of the* LORD, and to contemplate, with Wonder and Adoration, all the Attributes of the incomprehensible Godhead.

SOLOMON, a most penetrating Judge of human Nature, knowing how much Mankind is charmed with the fine Qualities of Flowers, has figured out the blessed JESUS, that "fairest among Ten thousand," by these lovely Representatives. He stiles Him * *The Rose of Sharon*, and *the Lily of the Vallies*; like the one, full of Delights and communicable Graces; like the other, exalted in Majesty, and complete in Beauty. In that sacred Pastoral, he ranges the Creation, borrows its most finished Forms, and dips his Pencil in its choicest Dyes, to present us with a Sketch of the Amiableness of his Person: His Amiableness, who is the Light of the

* Cant. ii. 1.
Malus ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvæ,
Utque rosæ campis, ut lilia vallibus alba,
Sic CHRISTUS *decus omne suis.*

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World; the Glory of His Church; the only Hope, the ſovereign Conſolation of Sinners; and high, infinitely high, not only above the nobleſt Compariſon, but even "above "all Bleſſing and Praiſe." —— May I alſo make the ſame Heavenly Uſe of all ſublunary Enjoyments. Whatever is pleaſurable or charming *below*, let it raiſe my Deſires to thoſe ſublime Delights which are *above*: Which will yield, not partial, but perfect, Felicity; not tranſient, but never-ending, Satisfaction and Joy. —— Yes, my Soul, let theſe Beauties in *Miniature*, always remind Thee of that glorious Perſon, in whom "dwells all the *Fulneſs* of the Godhead "bodily." Let theſe little Emanations teach thee to thirſt after the eternal Fountain: O! may the Creatures be thy conſtant Clue to the Creator! For this is a certain Truth, worthy thy moſt frequent Recollection, and attentive Conſideration, That the whole Compaſs of finite Perfection is only a faint Ray, ſhot from that immenſe Source; is only a ſmall Drop, derived from that inexhauſtible Ocean; of all Good.

WHAT a ſurpriſing *Variety* is obſervable among the flowery Tribes! How has the boun-

bountiful Hand of Providence diverſified theſe niceſt Pieces of his Workmanſhip! added the Charms of an endleſs Novelty to all their other Perfections! —— Becauſe a conſtant Uniformity would ſoon render the Entertainment tireſome or inſipid; therefore every Species exhibits ſomething intirely *new*. The Faſhion ſpreads not from Family to Family, but every one has a Mode of its own, which is truly original. The moſt curſory Glance perceives an apparent Difference, as well as a peculiar Delicacy, in the *Airs* and *Habits*, the *Attitude*, and *Lineaments*, of every diſtinct Claſs.

SOME rear their Heads with a majeſtic Mien, and overlook, like *Sovereigns* or *Nobles*, the whole Parterre. Others ſeem more moderate in their Aims, and advance only to the middle Stations; a Genius turned for Heraldry, would term them, the *Gentry* of the Border; while others, free from all aſpiring Views, creep un-ambitiouſly on the Ground, and look like the *Commonality* of the Kind. Some are interſected with elegant *Stripes*, or ſtudded with radiant *Spots*. Some affect to be genteelly *powdered*, or neatly *fringed*; while others are plain in their Aſpect, unaffected in their Dreſs,

Dreſs, and content to pleaſe with a naked *Simplicity*. Some aſſume the Monarch's *Purple*; ſome look moſt becoming in the Virgin's *White*; but *Black*, doleful Black, has no Admittance into the Wardrobe of Spring. The Weeds of Mourning would be a manifeſt Indecorum, when Nature holds an univerſal Feſtival. She would now inſpire none but delightful Ideas, and therefore always makes her Appearance in ſome * amiable Suit. —— Here *ſtands* a Warrior clad with Crimſon; there *ſits* a Magiſtrate robed in Scarlet; and yonder *ſtruts* a pretty Fellow, that ſeems to have dipped his Plumes in the Rainbow, and glitters in all the gay Colours of that reſplendent Arch. Some riſe into a curious *Cup*, or fall into a Set of beautiful *Bells*: Some ſpread themſelves in a ſwelling *Tuft*, or croud into a delicious *Cluſter*. —— In ſome, the predominant Stain *ſoftens* by the gentleſt Diminutions, till it has even ſtole away from itſelf. The Eye is amuſed at the agreeable Deluſion; and we wonder to find ourſelves inſenſibly decoyed into a quite different Luſtre. In others, you would think the fine Tinges were

emulous

* ——— *Nunc formoſiſſimus annus.* VIRG.

emulous of Pre-eminence; disdaining to mingle, they confront one another, with the Resolution of Rivals, determined to dispute the Prize of Beauty; while each is improved, by the Opposition, into the highest Vivacity of Complexion.

* *How manifold are thy Works, O* LORD! Multiplied even to a Prodigy. Yet *in Wisdom*, consummate Wisdom, *hast Thou made them all.* —— How I admire the Vastness of the Contrivance, and the Exactness of the Execution! Poor Man with Difficulty accomplishes a single Work: Hardly, and after many Efforts, does He arrive at a tolerable Imitation of some one Production of Nature. But the Almighty Artist spoke Millions of Substances into instantaneous Being; all wonderfully various, all completely perfect. —— Repeated Experiments generally discover Errors in our happiest Inventions. But these fine Structures have pleased, for almost Six thousand Years; and no † Fault been discovered in the original Plan, no Room for the least Improvement

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* *Psalm* civ. 24.

† Eccles. iii. 14. *I know that whatsoever* GOD *doth, it shall be for ever: Nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it.*

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upon the firſt Model. —— All our Performances, the more minutely they are ſcanned, the more imperfect they appear. But, with regard to theſe delicate Objects, the more we ſearch into their Properties, the more we are raviſhed with their Graces: They are ſure to diſcloſe freſh Strokes of the moſt maſterly Skill, in proportion to the Attention with which they are examined.

NOR is the *Simplicity* of the *Operation* leſs aſtoniſhing, than the *Accuracy* of the *Workmanſhip*, or the *Infinitude* of the *Effects*. Should you ask, "Where, and What, "are the Materials that beautify the bloom-"ing World? What rich Tints, what ſplen-"did Dies, what Stores of ſhining Crions, "ſtand by the Heavenly Limner, when he "paints the Robe of Nature?" 'tis anſwered, His powerful Pencil needs no ſuch coſtly Apparatus. A ſingle Principle, under his conducting Hand, branches out into an Immenſity of the moſt varied, and moſt finiſhed Forms. The *Moiſture* of the *Earth*, paſſed through proper Strainers, and diſpoſed in a Range of pellucid Tubes: —— This one plain and ſimple Cauſe gives Birth to all the Charms, which deck the Youth

Youth and Maturity of the Year. This bluſhes in the early *Hepatica*, and flames in the late-advancing Poppy. This reddens into Blood in the Veins of the Mulberry, and attenuates itſelf into leafen Gold, to create a Covering for the Quince: This breathes in all the fragrant Gales of our Gardens, and weeps odorous Gum in the Groves of *Arabia*. —— So * *wonderful* is our Creator *in Council*, and ſo *excellent in Working!*

IN a Grove of Tulips, or a Knot of Pinks, one perceives a Difference in almoſt every Individual. Scarce any two are turned and tinctured exactly alike: Each allows himſelf a little *Particularity* in his *Dreſs*, though all belong to one Family; ſo that they are various, and yet the ſame. —— A pretty Emblem this, of the ſmaller *Differences* between *Proteſtant Chriſtians*. There are Modes in Religion, which admit of Variation, without Prejudice to ſound Faith, or real Holineſs: Juſt as the Drapery, on theſe Pictures of the Spring, may be formed after a Variety of Patterns, without blemiſhing their Beauty, or altering their Nature. ——

* *Iſai.* xxviii. 29.

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Be it ſo then, that we diſſent in ſome Points of inconſiderable Conſequence; yet let us live amicably and ſociably together; for we harmonize in *Principals*, though we vary in *Punctilios*. Let us join in Converſation, and intermingle Intereſts; diſcover no Eſtrangement of Behaviour, and cheriſh no Alienation of Affection: If any Strife ſubſiſts, let it be to follow our Divine Maſter moſt cloſely, in Humility of Heart, and Unblameableneſs of Life: Let it be to ſerve one another moſt readily, in all the kind Offices of a cordial Friendſhip. Thus ſhall we be united, though diſtinguiſhed; united in the ſame grand Fundamentals, though diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſmall Circumſtantials; united in one important Bond of brotherly Love, though diſtinguiſhed by ſome ſlighter Peculiarities of Opinion.

I APPREHEND, that between Chriſtians, whoſe Judgments diſagree only about a *Form* of Prayer, or Manner of Worſhip, there is no more *eſſential* Difference, than between Flowers that bloom from the ſame kind of Seed, but happen to be ſomewhat diverſified in the Mixture of their Colours: — Whereas, if one denies the Divinity of

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our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and degrades the incarnate GOD to the Meanneſs of a mere Creature; if another cries up the Worthineſs of human Works, and depreciates the alone meritorious Righteouſneſs of the glorious Mediator; if a third pays the incommunicable Honours to a finite Being, and bows to the Image, or prays to the Saint: Theſe, ſure, are vaſt Deviations from the Truth of the Goſpel. Theſe are unallowable, and moſt pernicious Errors. Theſe the true Believer cannot *tolerate*, nor bid the Abettors of them GOD *ſpeed*.——I would not be ſevere in my Cenſures, nor uncharitable in my Sentiments; but I fear, I greatly fear, that ſuch Tenets ſwerve from the Evangelical Standard, not as one Pink differs from another of the ſame Claſs, but as widely as the Thorn differs from the Roſe, or the Hemlock from the wholſome Herb. For ſuch Perſons, we will not fail to maintain a tender Compaſſion, we will not ceaſe to put up earneſt Interceſſions; but we dare not ſubſcribe their Creed, or give them "the Right Hand of Fellowſhip."

ANOTHER remarkable Circumſtance, recommending the flowery Creation, is their

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regular Succeſſion. They make not their Appearance all at once, but in an orderly Rotation: While a proper Number of theſe obliging Retainers are in waiting, the others abſcond; but hold themſelves in a Poſture of Service, ready to take their Turn, and fill each his reſpective Station, the Inſtant it becomes vacant. —— The *Snow-drop*, foremoſt of the lovely Train, breaks her Way through the frozen Soil, in order to preſent her early Compliments to her Lord: Dreſſed in the Robe of Innocency, ſhe ſteps forth, fearleſs of Dangers, long before the Trees have ventured to unfold their Leaves, even while the Iſicles hang on our Houſes. —— Next peeps out the *Crocus*, but cautiouſly, and with an Air of Timidity: She hears the howling Blaſts, and skulks cloſe to her low Situation. Afraid, ſhe ſeems to make large Excurſions from her Root, while ſo many ruffian Winds are abroad, and ſcouring along the Æther. —— Nor is the *Violet* laſt in this ſhining Embaſſy of the Year; which, with all the Accompliſhments that would grace a Royal Garden, condeſcends to line our Hedges, and grow at the Feet of Briars. Its emiſſive Sweets perfume the Air, while itſelf,

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itſelf, with an exemplary Humility, retires from Sight; ſeeking rather to adminiſter Pleaſure, than to win Admiration. Emblem, beautiful Emblem, of thoſe modeſt Virtues, which delight to bloom in Obſcurity; which extend their Efficacy to Multitudes, who are cheared with the beneficent Influence, but ſcarce acquainted with the Source of their Comforts! The poor *Polyanthus*, that lately adorned the Border, and, tranſplanted into our Windows, gave us a freſh Entertainment, is now no more. I ſaw her Complexion fade; I perceived her Breath decay; till at length ſhe expired, and dropt into her Grave. —— Scarce have we ſuſtained this Loſs, but in comes the *Auricula*, and more than retrieves it: Arrayed ſhe comes, in a ſplendid Variety of amiable Forms; with an Eye of Cryſtal, in Garments of the moſt gloſſy Sattin. A very diſtinguiſhed Proceſſion This! The favourite Care of the Floriſt! Scarce one among them but is dignified with a Character of Renown, or has the Honour to repreſent ſome celebrated Toaſt. But theſe alſo, notwithſtanding their illuſtrious Titles, have exhauſted their whole Stock of Fragrance, and are

mingled

mingled with the meaneſt Duſt. —— Who could forbear grieving at their Departure, did not the *Tulips* begin to raiſe themſelves on their fine Wands, or ſtately Stalks? They fluſh the Parterre with one of the gayeſt Dreſſes, that blooming Nature wears. Did ever *Beau* or *Belle* make ſo gaudy an Appearance in a Birth-night Suit? Here one may behold the innocent Wantonneſs of Beauty: Here ſhe indulges a Thouſand Freaks, and ſports herſelf in the moſt charming Diverſity of Colours: Yet I ſhould wrong her, were I to call her a *Coquet*; becauſe ſhe plays her lovely Changes, not to enkindle diſſolute Affections, but to diſplay her Creator's Glory. —— Soon ariſes the *Anemone*; incircled, at the Bottom, with a ſpreading Robe; and rounded, at the Top, into a beautiful Dome. In its looſely flowing Mantle, you may obſerve a noble Negligence; in its gently bending Tufts, the niceſt Symmetry: I would term it the *fine Gentleman* of the Garden; becauſe it ſeems to have the peculiar Felicity of reconciling Art with Eaſe. —— The ſame Month has the Merit of producing the *Ranunculus*. All bold and graceful, it expands the Riches of

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of its Foliage, and acquires by degrees the loveliest Enamel in the World. As Persons of intrinsic Worth disdain the superficial Arts of Recommendation, practised by Fops; so, this lordly Flower scorns to borrow any of its Excellence, from Powders and Essences. It needs no such Attractives, to render it the Darling of the Curious; being sufficiently engaging from the Elegance of its Figure, the radiant Variety of its Tinges, and a certain superior Dignity of Aspect. —— Methinks, Nature improves in her Operations: Her latest Strokes are most masterly: To crown the Collection, she introduces the *Carnation*; which captivates every Eye with a noble Spread of Graces, and charms another Sense with a Profusion of exquisite Odours. This single Flower has, centred in itself, the Perfections of all the preceding: The Moment it appears, it so commands our Attention, that we scarce regret the Absence of the rest. —— The *July-flower*, like a real Friend, attends you through all the Vicissitudes and Alterations of the Season: While others make a transient Visit only, This is rather an Inhabitant,

Gilly-flower

ant, than a Gueſt, in your Gardens; adds Fidelity to Complaiſance.

BUT 'tis in vain to attempt a Catalogue of theſe amiable Gifts: There is an endleſs *Multiplicity* in their *Characters*, and an invariable *Order* in their *Approaches*. Every Month brings its Ornaments, ſuch as are different from the reſt, and peculiar to itſelf.

HERE let me ſtand awhile, to contemplate the wiſe and gracious *Deſign*, apparent in this *Diſtribution* of Flowers, through the ſeveral Periods of the Year. —— Were they all to bloſſom together, there would be at once a promiſcuous *Throng*, and at once a total *Privation*; ſo that we ſhould ſcarce have Opportunity of adverting to the Beauties of Half, and muſt ſoon loſe the agreeable Company of them All. But now, ſince every Species has a diſtinct Poſt to occupy, and a diſtinct Time for appearing, we can take a leiſurely and minute Survey of each ſucceeding Set. We can view and review their Forms; taſte their Sweets; enter into a more intimate Acquaintance with their charming Qualities; and receive all thoſe pleaſing Services which they are commiſſioned to yield. —— This remarkable Piece of Oeconomy

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is productive of another very valuable Effect. It not only places in the moſt advantageous Light every particular Community, but alſo is the moſt effectual Proviſion againſt the *Frailty* of the whole Nation: Or, to ſpeak more truly, it renders them a Sort of **immortal Corps*, whoſe ſucceſſionary Attendance never fails. For though ſome are continually dropping, yet, by this Expedient, others are as continually riſing, to beautify our Borders, and keep up the Entertainment unintermitted.

O! WHAT *Goodneſs* is this, to provide ſuch a Series of Gratifications for Mankind! Both to diverſify, and perpetuate the fine Collation: To take care, that our Paths ſhould be, in a manner, inceſſantly ſtrewed with Flowers. And what *Wiſdom*, to bid every one of theſe inſenſible Beings know the preciſe Juncture for their coming forth! Inſomuch that no Actor on a Stage can be more exact in performing his Part; can

* In Alluſion to the celebrated Practice of the *Perſian* Kings; who maintained, for their Lifeguard, a Body of Troops, called *Immortal*; becauſe it perpetually ſubſiſted: For as ſoon as any of the Men died, another was immediately put into his Place.

Rollin's Antient Hiſt. Vol. II.

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make a more regular Entry, or a more punctual Exit.

WHO imboldens the *Daffodil*, to venture abroad in *February*, and to truſt her flowering Gold with inclement and treacherous Skies? Who informs the various Tribes of *Fruit-bearing Bloſſoms*, that vernal Suns, and a more genial Warmth, are fitteſt for their delicate Texture? Who teaches the *Clove* to ſtay, till hotter Beams are prepared, to infuſe a ſpicy Richneſs into her Odours, and tincture her Complexion with the deepeſt Crimſon? —— Who diſpoſes theſe beautiful Troops into ſuch orderly Bodies; retarding ſome, and accelerating others? Who has inſtructed them to file off, with ſuch perfect Regularity, as ſoon as the Duty of their reſpective Station is over? And, when one Detachment retires, Who gives the Signal for another immediately to advance? Who, but that un-erring Providence, which, from the higheſt Thrones of Angels, to the very loweſt Degrees of Exiſtence, orders all Things in "Number, Weight, and Meaſure!" —— Who, my Soul, but that moſt adorable, moſt beneficent Being, who in the Fulneſs

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fulneſs of Time bowed the Heavens; came down to dwell on Earth; and united the Frailty of thy mortal Nature to all the Glories of his Godhead! Who, but that ever-bleſſed Ranſomer of Sinners, who ſuſtained the Vengeance, which thou hadſt deſerved, and waſt doomed to ſuffer! Who fulfilled the Obedience, which thou waſt obliged, but unable, to perform; and in that ſacred Humanity, which He aſſumed, humbled Himſelf (O never enough to be admired Loving-kindneſs!) humbled Himſelf to Death, even the Death of the Croſs.

HE formed this vaſt Machine, and adjuſted its nice Dependencies. The Pillars, that ſupport it; the Embelliſhments, that adorn it; and the Laws, that govern it; are the Reſult of his unſearchable Counſels. O! the Heights of His *Majeſty*, and the Depths of His *Abaſement!* Which ſhall we admire moſt, his eſſential Greatneſs, or his free Grace? He created the exalted Seraph, that ſings in Glory; and every the minuteſt Inſect, that flutters in Air, or crawls in Duſt. He marks out a Path for all thoſe Globes of Light, which travel the Circuit of the Skies; and diſdains not to rear the Violet from its

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lowly Bed, or to plait the Daiſy that dreſſes our Plains. So grand are His Operations, yet ſo condeſcending his Regards! —— If Summer, like a ſparkling Bride, is all-glorious in her Apparel, what is this but a feeble Reflexion of his uncreated Effulgence? If Autumn, like a munificent Hoſt, exhibits all Things richly to enjoy, what is this but a little Taſte of his inexhauſtible Liberality? If Thunders roar, you hear the Sound of his Trumpet: If Lightenings glare, you ſee the Launching of His glittering Spear: If the "perpetual Hills be ſcattered, and the "everlaſting Mountains bowed," you behold a Diſplay —— No, ſays the Prophet, you have rather * *The Hiding of His Power.*

So

* *Hab.* iii. 4. Nothing can be more magnificently conceived, than the Imagery of this whole Chapter; and, upon the Foot of our Interpretation, nothing was ever more delicately and nobly turned, than the Sentiment of this Clauſe. Other Senſes of the Paſſage, I acknowlege, may be aſſigned with equal Propriety. But none, I think, can be imagined ſo *majeſtic* and *ſublime*. As the Original will fairly admit of it; as it carries no Diſagreement with the Context; and expreſſes a moſt important, as well as undoubted Truth; I hope I may be permitted, at leaſt, to propoſe it to public Conſideration; eſpecially as it ſuggeſts one of the fineſt *Mottos* imaginable, wherewith to inſcribe all the viſible Productions of the Creator's Hand. When, ſtruck with Aſtoniſhment,

So immenſe is His Power, ſo uncontroulable and inconceivable, that all theſe mighty Works are but a Sketch, in which more is concealed than diſcovered.

THUS, I think, we ſhould always view the viſible Syſtem, with an Evangelical *Teleſcope* (if I may be allowed the Expreſſion), and with an Evangelical *Microſcope*: Regarding CHRIST JESUS as the great Projector and Architect, that planned and executed the amazing Scheme. Whatever is magnificent or valuable, tremendous or amiable, ſhould ever be aſcribed to the Redeemer.

Aſtoniſhment, we conſider their Grandeur, Beauty, and conſummate Perfections, let us, in Juſtice to their Author, apply the exalted Reflection of this ſacred Ode: "In all theſe *is the Hiding*, rather than an *adequate Diſplay*, of his matchleſs *Power*: Though they challenge our Praiſe, and ſurpaſs our Comprehenſion; yet are they by no means the utmoſt Exertions, but rather ſome ſlighter Eſſays, of omnipotent Skill." ——— *Milton*, relating the Overthrow of the fallen Angels, reminds his Reader of a noble Circumſtance, much of this Nature. *Meſſiah*, unaided and alone, had utterly routed an innumerable Hoſt of apoſtate Spirits. But, to create a juſter Idea of this illuſtrious Conqueror, the Poet beautifully adds ——— *Yet half his Strength He put not forth.* ——— If we forget to make the ſame Remark, when we contemplate GOD in His Works, we muſt neceſſarily form very ſcanty Conceptions of that ſupreme Being, before whom all Nations are as a "Drop of a Bucket, and are counted as the ſmall Duſt of the Balance."

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deemer. This is the Chriſtian's *Natural Philoſophy:* And with regard to this Method of conſidering the Things that are ſeen, we have an inſpired Apoſtle for our Preceptor and Precedent. Speaking of CHRIST, He ſays, "Thou, LORD, in the Beginning, "haſt laid the Foundations of the Earth, and "the Heavens are the Work of thy Hands." —— Did we carefully attend to this leading Principle, in all our Examinations of Nature, it would, doubtleſs, be a moſt powerful Means of * enkindling our *Love*, and * ſtrengthening our *Faith*: For when I look round

** The Apoſtles, I obſerve, delight to uſe this Method of diſplaying the Honours of the Redeemer, and eſtabliſhing the Faith of his People. —— The beloved Diſciple, teaching that moſt precious Doctrine "of a Lamb ſlain to take away the Sins of the World," in order to evince the Sufficiency of CHRIST's Sacrifice for this bleſſed Purpoſe, affirms, That *All Things were made by Him: And without Him was not any Thing*, No, not ſo much as one ſingle Being, *made*, John i. 3. —— St. *Paul*, preaching the ſame glad Tidings to the *Coloſſians*, and expreſly maintaining, That we have Redemption through his Blood, ſeems to foreſee an Objection of this kind: "To expiate Tranſgreſſions "againſt an infinite Majeſty, is a moſt prodigious Act; "it muſt coſt vaſtly more than any common Surety can "pay, to redeem a ſinful World. What Reaſon have "we to believe, that JESUS is equal to this mighty "Undertaking?" All poſſible Reaſon, replies the Apoſtle,

round upon Millions of noble Subſtances, and carry with me this tranſporting Reflection, "The Maker of them all died on a "Croſs for me;" how can I remain any longer indifferent? Muſt not the coldeſt Heart begin to glow with Gratitude? —— When I ſurvey an Immenſity of the fineſt Productions imaginable; and remember, That the Author of them all is "my Right-"eouſneſs, my Redemption;" how can I chooſe but repoſe the moſt chearful Confidence in ſuch a Mediator?

LET me add one more Remark, upon the admirable Adjuſtment of every Particular,

Apoſtle, from the Dignity of his Perſon: For He is *the Image of the inviſible GOD*; and from the Greatneſs of his Works, For *by Him all Things were made*. Conſider the Operations of his Hands, and you cannot doubt the atoning Efficacy of his Death, *Col.* i. 15, 16. —— The Author of the Epiſtle to the *Hebrews* falls exactly into the ſame Train of Arguing; declaring, That CHRIST JESUS has purged our Sins by the Sacrifice of Himſelf: He proves His ample Ability for this tremendous Office, from His eſſential Excellence, becauſe He is the *Brightneſs of His Father's Glory*; and from His admirable Works, becauſe *He made the Worlds, and upholdeth all Things by the Word of His Power*, Heb. i. 2, 3. —— Which Thought, as it is ſo important in itſelf; of ſuch ſignal Comfort to Chriſtians; and ſo particularly inſiſted on by the inſpired Writers; I truſt, an Attempt to illuſtrate and enforce it, in the Poſtſcript, will be the more eaſily excuſed.

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cular, relating to theſe fine Colonies planted in the Parterre. —— With ſuch ſurpriſing *Correctneſs* is their Structure finiſhed, that any the leaſt conceivable Alteration would very much impair their Perfection. Should you ſee, for Inſtance, the nice Diſpoſition of the Tulip's Attire fly abroad, diſorderly and irregular, like the flaunting Woodbine: Should the Jeſſamin rear her diminutive Head, on thoſe grand Columns which ſupport the Holly-hock: Should the erect and manly Aſpect of the Piony, hang down with a penſive Air, like the flexile Bells of the Hyacinth: Should that noble Plainneſs, which diſtinguiſhes the Lily, be exchanged for the Fringes which edge the Pink, or the gaudy Stains which bedrop the Iris: Should thoſe tapering Pillars, which ariſe in the Middle of its Vaſe, and, tipt with golden Pendants, give ſuch a Luſtre to the ſurrounding Panels of Alabaſter —— Should theſe ſink and diſappear, like the Chives which cover the Heart of the *Anemone* —— In many of theſe Caſes, would not the *Tranſpoſition* be fantaſtical and aukward? In all, to the apparent *Prejudice* of every Individual?

AGAINS

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AGAIN; with regard to the Time of their *appearing*; this Circumſtance is ſettled by a remarkable Foreſight and Precaution. What would become of the *Sailor*, if, in very ſtormy Weather, he ſhould raiſe a lofty Maſt, and croud it with all his Canvas? Such would be the ill Effect, if the moſt ſtately Species of Flowers ſhould preſume to come abroad in the bluſtering Months. Therefore, thoſe only that ſhoot the ſhorteſt Stems, and diſplay the ſmalleſt Spread of Leaves, or (if you pleaſe) carry the leaſt Sail, are launched amidſt the blowing Seaſons. —— How injudiciouſly would the *Perfumer* act, if he ſhould unſeal his fineſt Eſſences, and expoſe them to the Northern Winds, or Wintry Rains! Our blooming Artiſts of the aromatic Profeſſion, at leaſt the moſt delicate among them, ſeem perfectly aware of the Conſequences of ſuch a Procedure. Accordingly, they poſtpone the Opening of their odoriferous Treaſures, till a * ſerener Air, and more * unclouded Skies,

* * *Caſimire*, in a very poetical Manner, addreſſes himſelf to the dormant Roſe, and moſt prettily invites her to venture abroad, by the Mention of theſe two Circumſtances.

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Skies, grant a Protection to their amiable Traffick; till they are under no more Apprehenſions of having them diſſipated by rude Blaſts, or drowned in inceſſant Showers.

WHAT a ſtriking Argument is here for *Reſignation*, unfeigned Reſignation, to all the Diſpoſals of Providence! Too often are our diſſatisfied Thoughts apt to find Fault with Divine Diſpenſations: We tacitly arraign our Maker's Conduct, or queſtion His

Siderum ſacros imitata vultus,
Quid latas dudum, Roſa? Delicatum
Effer è terris caput, O tepentis
Filia cæli.

Jam tibi nubes *fugiunt* aquoſæ,
Quas fugant albis Zephyri *quadrigis;*
Jam tibi mulcet Boream *jocantis*
Aura Favoni.

Child of the Summer, charming Roſe,
No longer in Confinement lie:
Ariſe to Light, thy Form diſcloſe;
Rival the Spangles of the Sky.

The *Rains* are gone, the *Storms* are o'er;
Winter retires to make thee way;
Come then, thou ſweetly-bluſhing Flow'r;
Come, lovely Stranger, come away.

The *Sun* is dreſs'd in beaming *Smiles*,
To give thy Beauties to the Day;
Young *Zephyrs* wait, with gentleſt *Gales*,
To fan thy Boſom, as they play.

Kindneſs

Kindneſs with regard to ourſelves: We fanſy our Lot not ſo commodiouſly ſituate, or our Condition not ſo happily circumſtanced, as if we had been placed in ſome other Station of Life. —— But let us behold this exquiſitely nice *Regulation* of the *minuteſt Plants*, and be aſhamed of our repining Folly. Could any Fibre in their Compoſition be altered, or one Line in their Features be tranſpoſed, without clouding ſome of their Beauties? Could any Fold in their Veſtments be varied, or any Link in their orderly Succeſſion be broken, without injuring ſome delicate Property? And does not that All-ſeeing Eye, which preſerves ſo exact a Harmony among theſe *pretty Toys*, maintain as watchful a Care over His *rational Creatures?* —— Does He chooſe the propereſt Seaſon for the Cowſlip to ariſe, and drink the Dews? And can He neglect the Concerns, or misjudge the Conveniencies, of his Sons and Daughters? He, who has ſo completely diſpoſed whatever pertains to the vegetable Oeconomy, that the leaſt Diminution or Addition would certainly hurt the finiſhed Scheme, does, without all Peradventure, preſide with equal

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Attention over the Intereſts of his own People.

BE ſtill, then, thou uneaſy Mortal*; know, that GOD is unerringly wiſe; and be aſſured, that, amidſt the greateſt Multiplicity of Beings, He does not overlook thee. Thy Saviour has given me Authority to aſſert, That thou art of far ſuperior Value, in the Eſtimate of Omnipotence, than all the Herbage of the Field. —— If His ſacred Will ordains *Sickneſs* for thy Portion, never dare to imagine, That uninterrupted Health would be more advantageous: If He pleaſes to withhold, or take away, *Children*, never pre-

* *Permittas ipſis expendere numinibus, quid*
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris.
Nam pro jucundis aptiſſima *quæque dabunt dii:*
Carior eſt illis homo, quàm ſibi....

Since all the downward Tracts of Time
GOD's watchful Eye ſurveys;
O! who ſo wiſe to chuſe our Lot,
And regulate our Ways?

Since none can doubt his equal Love,
Unmeaſurably kind;
To his *unerring*, *gracious* Will,
Be ev'ry Wiſh reſign'd.

Good when He gives, ſupremely Good;
Nor leſs, when He denies;
E'en Croſſes from his ſov'reign Hand
Are Bleſſings in Diſguiſe.

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ſume to conclude, That thy Happineſs is blaſted, becauſe thy Hopes of an increaſing Family are diſappointed. He that marſhals all the Starry Hoſt, and ſo accurately arranges every the meaneſt Species of Herbs; He orders all the Peculiarities, all the Changes of thy State, with a Vigilance that nothing can elude, with a Goodneſs that endureth for ever.—— Bow thy Head, therefore, in humble Acquieſcence: Reſt ſatisfied, That * *whatever*

* If Mr. *Pope* underſtands the Maxim in this limited Senſe, he ſpeaks a moſt undeniable and glorious Truth. But if that great Poet includes whatever comes to paſs through the wild and extravagant Paſſions of Men, ſurely no thinking Perſon, at leaſt no Chriſtian, can accede to his Opinion. —— What GOD orders, is *wiſe* beyond all Poſſibility of Correction, and *good* above all that we can ask or think. His Decrees are the Reſult of infinite Diſcernment, and all his Diſpenſations the Iſſues of unbounded Benevolence. ——— But Man, fallen Man, is hurried away by his Luſts into a thouſand Irregularities, which are deplorably evil in themſelves, and attended with Conſequences manifeſtly pernicious to Society. ——— Let the Sentiment, therefore, be reſtrained to the Diſpoſals of Heaven, and I moſt readily ſubſcribe it. But if it be extended to the Conduct of Men, and the Effects of their Folly, I think myſelf obliged to enter my Proteſt againſt it: For whatever kindles the Divine Indignation is Cauſe of final Ruin to the Author —— is ſtrictly forbid by GOD's holy Word —— is contrary to the whole Deſign of his revealed Will, and the very Reverſe of his eſſential Attributes. ——— *This* cannot poſſibly be *right*. This

is

ever is, by the Appointment of Heaven, *is right*, is beſt.

AMONG all the Productions of the Third Creating-Day, this of Flowers ſeems to be peculiarly deſigned for Man: A Preſent, calculated in an eſpecial Manner for his Uſe and Delight. Man has, as it were, the *Monopoly* of this Favour; and ſcarce ſhares the Satisfaction reſulting from it, with any other Animal. I don't find, that other Creatures are ſmit with their Beauties, or regaled with their Odours. The Horſe never ſtands ſtill to gaze upon their Charms; nor does the Ox turn aſide to browze upon their Sweets. Senſes they have to diſcern theſe curious Objects in the *groſs*, but no Taſte to *diſtinguiſh* their fine Accompliſhments. — Juſt ſo, *carnal* and unenlightened Men may underſtand the literal Meaning of Scripture; may comprehend the Evidences of its Divine Inſpiration; and yet have no Reliſh of the Heavenly Truths it teaches; no ardent Longing for the ſpiritual Bleſſings it offers; ſee

is moſt undoubtedly wrong. Omnipotence, indeed, can over-rule it, and educe Good from it: But the very Notion of *over-ruling*, ſuppoſes it to be abſolutely *wrong* in itſelf.

" no

"no Form or Comelineſs" in the Saviour it deſcribes, ſo as to render Him the ſupreme Deſire of their Souls.

THE *chief End* of theſe beautiful Appearances, Philoſophers ſay, is to enfold and cheriſh the Embryo Seed; or to ſwathe the tender Body during its infant State. —— But whatever is the chief End of Nature, 'tis certain, ſhe never departs from the Deſign of *adminiſtring Delight to Mankind* *. This is inſeparably connected with her other Views. —— Was it only to ſecure a reproductive Principle, what need of ſuch *elegant Complications?* Why ſo much Art employed, and ſo many Decorations added? Why ſhould Veſtments be prepared, richer than Brocades, more delicate than Lawns, and of a finer Glow than the moſt admired Velvets? —— If the great Mother had no other Aim, than

* "We find that the moſt important Parts in the "Vegetable World, are thoſe which are the moſt "beautiful. Theſe are the Seeds by which the ſeveral "Races of Plants are propagated and continued, and "which are always lodged in Flowers or Bloſſoms. "Nature ſeems to hide her principal Deſign, and to "be induſtrious in making the Earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great Work, and "intent upon her own Preſervation." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

barely

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barely to accommodate her little Offspring, warm Flannel, or homely Fuſtian, would have ſerved her Turn: Served it, full as well as the moſt ſumptuous Tiſſues, or all the Furniture of the Mercer's Shop.

IT ſeems plain then, that Flowers were endued with ſuch inchanting *Graces*, for the *Pleaſure* of *Man*; and, in purſuance of this original Intention, they ſtill pay their Court to the human Race. Accordingly, the fineſt of each Species croud about our Habitation, and are rarely to be ſeen at a Diſtance from our Abodes. They thrive under our cultivating Hand, and obſerving Eye; but degenerate and pine away, if unregarded by their Lord.—— To win his Attention, and deck his Retreats, they hide their Deformities under Ground; and diſplay nothing but the moſt graceful Forms, and engaging Colours, to his Sight.—— To merit a farther Degree of his Eſteem, the Generality of them diſpenſe a delightful Perfume. And, what is ſtill more obliging, * reſerve their richeſt Exhalations, to embalm

* ——— The Flow'rs,
That open *now* their choiceſt boſom'd Smells,
Reſerv'd from Night, and *kept for thee in Store.*
MILT.

embalm his Morning and Evening Walks; becauſe he uſually chooſes thoſe cool Hours, to recreate himſelf among their blooming Ranks; therefore, at thoſe Hours, they are moſt laviſh of their Fragrance, and breathe out their choiceſt Spirits.

O MAN, greatly beloved by thy Creator! The Darling of Providence! Thou art diſtinguiſhed by *his Goodneſs*; diſtinguiſh thyſelf alſo by *thy Gratitude*. Be it thy one undivided Aim to glorify Him, who has been at ſo much Expence to gratify thee! —— While all theſe inferior Creatures, in ſilent Eloquence, declare the Glory of GOD, do thou lend them thy Tongue. Be thou the High-Prieſt of the mute Creation: Let their Praiſes become vocal in thy Songs. —— Adore the ſupreme Benefactor, for the Bleſſings He ſhowers down upon every Order of Beings: Adore Him for numberleſs Mercies, which are appropriated to thyſelf: But above all, adore Him, for that noble Gift of a *rational* and *immortal Soul*. —— This conſtitutes us Maſters of the Globe, and gives us the real Enjoyment of its Riches. This diſcovers ten thouſand Beauties, which otherwiſe had been loſt; and renders them both

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a Source of Delights, and a Nurſery of Devotion. —— By virtue of this exalted Principle, we are qualified to *admire* our Maker's *Works*, and capable of *bearing* his illuſtrious *Image*; bearing his illuſtrious Image, not only when theſe Ornaments of the Ground have reſigned their Honours, but when the great Origin of Day is extinguiſhed in the Skies, and all the flaming Orbs on high are put out in obſcure Darkneſs. —— *Then* to ſurvive; to ſurvive the Ruins of one World, and to enjoy GOD —— to reſemble GOD —— to be "filled with all the "Fulneſs of GOD," in another —— What a Happineſs, what an ineſtimable Happineſs is this! Yet *this* is thy Privilege (barter it not for Trifles of an Hour), this thy glorious Prerogative, O Man!

O! THE Goodneſs, the *exuberant Goodneſs* of GOD! I cannot forbear celebrating it once more, before I paſs to another Conſideration. —— How much ſhould we think ourſelves obliged to a generous Friend, that ſhould build a ſtately Edifice * purely for our Abode!

* I cannot perſuade myſelf, that the Compariſon is ſtretched beyond proper Bounds, when carried to this Pitch. It is my ſtedfaſt Opinion, That the World, at leaſt

Abode! But how greatly would the Obligation be increaſed, if the Hand that built, ſhould

leaſt this lower World, with its various Appurtenances, was intended *purely* for Man: That it is *appropriated* to him; and that he (in Subordination to GOD's Glory) is the *End* of its Creation. —— Other Animals, 'tis true, partake of the Creator's Benefits; but then they partake under the Notion of Man's Domeſticks, or on the Foot of Retainers to Him; as Creatures that bear ſome Relation to his Service, and ſome Way or other contribute to his Good. So that ſtill He is the *Centre* of the whole; or as our incomparable *Milton*, equally Maſter of Poetry and Divinity, expreſſes himſelf, *All Things live for Man. Par. Loſt.* XI. 161.

Mr. *Pope*, in his Ethick Epiſtles, is pleaſed to explode this Tenet, as the Height of *Pride*, and a groſs *Abſurdity*. —— For my Part, I ſee no Reaſon for ſuch a Charge. With all Submiſſion to ſo ſuperior a Genius, it ſeems very remote from Pride, to be duly ſenſible of Favours vouchſafed; to contemplate them in all the Extent of their Munificence, and acknowlege them accordingly. I ſhould rather imagine, That to contract their Size, when they are immenſely large; to ſtint their Number, when they are altogether innumerable; that ſuch a Procedure ſavours more of *Inſenſibility*, than our Hypotheſis, of Preſumption; and has more in it of *Ingratitude*, than that of Arrogance.

And how can it be deemed an Abſurdity, To maintain, that GOD gave us *a World* for our Poſſeſſion; when it is our Duty to believe, That He gave us his *only Son* for our Propitiation? Sure it can be no Difficulty to ſuppoſe, That He deſigned this habitable Globe, with its whole Furniture, for our preſent Uſe, ſince He with-held not his Holy Child JESUS, but freely delivered Him up for our final Salvation.

Upon the Whole, I cannot but conclude, That the Attempt of our famous Poet is neither *kind*, with re-

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ſhould alſo furniſh it! And not only furniſh it with all that is commodious and comfortable,

gard to his Fellow-Creatures —— nor *grateful*, with regard to his Creator —— neither is his Scheme in Fact, *true*. The Attempt not *kind*, with regard to Man; becauſe it robs him of one of the moſt delightful and raviſhing Contemplations imaginable. To conſider the Great Author of Exiſtence as having *me* in his Eye, when He formed univerſal Nature; as contriving all Things with an immediate View to the Exigencies of my particular State, and making them all in ſuch a Manner as might be moſt conducive to my particular Advantage; this muſt needs occaſion the ſtrongeſt Satisfactions, whenever I caſt a Glance on the Objects that ſurround me. —— Not *grateful*, with regard to GOD; becauſe it has the moſt direct Tendency to diminiſh our Senſe of his Kindneſs, and conſequently to throw a Damp upon our Gratitude. It teaches us to look upon ourſelves as almoſt loſt among a Croud of other Beings, or regarded only with an occaſional and incidental Beneficence; which muſt certainly weaken the Diſpoſition, and indeed ſlacken the Ties, to the moſt adoring Thankfulneſs. —— To which, I apprehend, we may juſtly add, Neither is the Scheme, in Fact, *true*. For, not to mention what might be urged from the ſure Word of Revelation, this one Argument appears to be ſufficiently concluſive. The World began with Man; the World muſt ceaſe with Man; conſequently the grand Uſe, the principal End of the World, is, to ſubſerve the Intereſts of Man. It is on all ſides agreed, That the Edifice was erected, when Man was to be furniſhed with an Habitation; and that it will be demoliſhed, when Man has no farther need of its Accommodations: When he enters into the Houſe not made with Hands eternal in the Heavens, "the Earth, and all the Works that are therein, "ſhall be burnt up." From which it ſeems a very ob-

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fortable, but ornament it alſo with whatever is ſplendid and delightful! — *This* has our moſt indulgent Creator done, in a manner infinitely ſurpaſſing all we could wiſh, or imagine.

THE *Earth* is aſſigned us for a Dwelling. — The *Skies* are ſtretched over us, like a magnificent Canopy, dyed in the pureſt Azure; and beautified, now with Pictures of floating Silver, now with Colourings of reflected Crimſon. — The *Graſs* is ſpread under us, as a ſpacious Carpet, wove with ſilken Threads of Green, and damasked with Flowers of every Hue. — The *Sun*, like a golden Lamp, is hung out in the ethereal Vault, and pours his Effulgence, all the Day, to lighten our Paths. — When Night ap-

vious and fair Deduction, That Man is the *final Cauſe* of this inferior Creation.

So that I think my Readers, and myſelf, *privileged* (not to ſay, on the Principles of Gratitude, *obliged*) to uſe thoſe lovely Lines of our Author, with a Propriety and Truth equal to their Elegance and Beauty;

For *me* kind Nature wakes her genial Pow'r,
Suckles each Herb, and ſpreads out every Flow'r;
Annual, for *me*, the Grape, the Roſe renew,
The Juice nectareous, and the balmy Dew;
For *me*, the Mine a thouſand Treaſures brings;
For *me*, Health guſhes from a thouſand Springs.
Eth. Ep. I. *ver.* 129.

proaches,

proaches, the *Moon* takes up the friendly Office, and the *Stars* are kindled in twinkling Myriads, to chear the Darkneſs with their milder Luſtre, not diſturb our Repoſe by too intenſe a Glare. —— The *Clouds*, beſides the rich Paintings they hang around the Heavens, act the Part of a ſhifting Screen, and defend us, by their ſeaſonable Interpoſition, from the ſcorching Beams of Summer: * The Pſalmiſt elegantly terms them Water-ſpouts, which, wafted on the Wings of the Wind, diſpenſe their Moiſture † evenly through the Globe; and fructify, with their Showers, whatever our Hand plants. —— The *Fields* are our exhauſtleſs Granary. —— The *Ocean* is our vaſt Reſervoir. —— The *Animals* ſpend their Strength, to diſpatch our Buſineſs; reſign their Cloathing, to repleniſh our Wardrobe; and ſurrender their very Lives, to provide for our Tables. —— In ſhort, every *Element* is a Store houſe of Conveniences; every *Seaſon* brings us the choiceſt Productions; all *Nature* is our

* *Pſalm* xlii. 7. New Tranſlation.

† This Circumſtance, amidſt Abundance of other noble and delicate Remarks upon the Wonders of Nature, is finely touched in the philoſophical Tranſactions recorded in the Book of *Job*, Chap. xxxviii. ver. 25.

Caterer.

Caterer. — And, what is a moſt endearing Recommendation of theſe Favours, they are all as *lovely* as they are *uſeful*. You obſerve nothing mean or inelegant. All is clad in Beauty's faireſt Robe, and regulated by Proportion's niceſt Rule. The whole Scene exhibits a Fund of Pleaſures to the Imagination, at the ſame time that it more than ſupplies all our Wants*.

THEREFORE thou art *inexcuſable*, O Man, whoſoever thou art, that *rebelleſt* againſt thy Maker. He ſurrounds thee with unnumbered Benefits, and follows thee with an Effuſion of the richeſt, nobleſt Gifts. He courts thy Affections, He ſolicits thy Gratitude, by Liberalities which are never intermitted, by a Bounty which knows no Limits. — O! moſt Bleſſed LORD, let this thy Goodneſs, thy unwearied Goodneſs, lead us to Repentance. *Win* us to Thyſelf, Thou Fountain of Felicity, by theſe ſweet *Inducements*. Draw us to our

* "Thoſe ſeveral living Creatures, which are made "for our Service or Suſtenance, at the ſame time either "fill the Woods with their Muſick, furniſh us with "Game, or raiſe pleaſing Ideas in us by the Delight-"fulneſs of their Appearance. Fountains, Lakes, and "Rivers, are as refreſhing to the Imagination, as to the "Soil thro' which they paſs." *Spect.* Vol. V. N° 387.

Duty,

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Duty, Thou GOD of our Salvation, by these "Cords of Love."

WHAT a living Picture is Here of the *beneficial* Effects of *Industry!* By Industry and Cultivation, this neat Spot is an Image of *Eden*. Here is all that can entertain the Eye, or * regale the Smell: Whereas, without Cultivation, this sweet Garden had been a desolate Wilderness: Vile Thistles had made it loathsome, and tangling Briars inaccessible. Without Cultivation, it might have been a Nest for Serpents, and the horrid Haunt of venomous Creatures. But the Spade and Pruning-knife, in the Hand of Industry, have improved it into a sort of Terrestrial Paradise.

HOW naturally does this lead our Contemplation, to the *Advantages* that flow from a virtuous *Education*, and the Miseries that ensue from the † Neglect of it! —— The Mind, without early Institution, must, in all Probability, become like the "Vine-"yard of the Sluggard." If left to the Propensities of its own depraved Will, what

* *Omnis copia narium.* HOR.

† *Neglectis urenda filix innascitur agris.* HOR.

can

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can we expect, but a moſt luxuriant Growth of unruly Appetites, which, in time, will break forth into all manner of ſcandalous Irregularities? What? —— but that *Anger*, like a prickly Thorn, arm the Temper with an untractable Moroſeneſs: *Peeviſhneſs*, like a ſtinging Nettle, render the Converſation forbidding: *Avarice*, like ſome choaking Weed, teach the Fingers to gripe, and the Hands to oppreſs: *Revenge*, like ſome poiſonous Plant, replete with baneful Juices, rankle in the Breaſt, and meditate Miſchief to its Neighbour: While unbridled *Luſts*, like Swarms of noiſome Inſects, taint each riſing Thought, and render "every Imagi-"nation of the Heart only evil continually." —— Such are the uſual Products of ſavage Nature! Such the Furniture of the uncultivated Soul!

WHEREAS, let the Mind be put under the *Nurture and Admonition of the* LORD: Let a holy Diſcipline clear the Soil: Let ſacred Inſtructions ſow it with the beſt Seed: Let Skill and Vigilance dreſs the riſing Shoots; direct the young Ideas how to ſpread, the wayward Paſſions how to move: —— Then, what a different State of the

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inner Man will quickly take place? *Charity* will breathe her Sweets, and *Hope* expand her Bloſſoms: The *perſonal* Virtues diſplay their Graces, and the *ſocial* ones their Fruits: The Sentiments become generous; the Carriage endearing; the Life honourable and uſeful *.

O! THAT *Governors* of *Families*, and *Maſters* of *Schools*, would watch, with a conſcientious Sollicitude, over the Morals of their tender Charge. What Pity it is, that the advancing Generation ſhould loſe theſe invaluable Endowments, through any Supineneſs in their Inſtructors! —— See, with what Aſſiduity the curious Floriſt attends his little Nurſery; viſits them early and late; furniſhes them with the propereſt Mould; ſupplies them with ſeaſonable Moiſture; guards them from Inſects; ſcreens them from Cold; marks their ſpringing Buds; obſerves them attentively thro' their whole Progreſs; and never intermits his Anxiety, till he beholds them blown into full Perfection. —— And ſhall a *Range of painted Leaves*, that flouriſh To-day, and To-morrow fall to the Ground —— Shall theſe be tended,

* —— *A teneris aſſuefcere tanti eſt!* VIRG.

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tended, with more zealous Application, than the noble *Faculties* of an *immortal Soul?*

YET truſt not in Cultivation *alone*; 'tis the Bleſſing of the *Almighty* Husbandman that imparts *Succeſs* to ſuch Labours of Love. If GOD "ſeal up the Bottles of Heaven," and command the Clouds to with-hold their Fatneſs, the beſt manured Plot becomes a barren Deſart. And if He reſtrain the Dew of his Heavenly Benediction, all human Endeavours miſcarry; the rational Plantation languiſhes; and our moſt pregnant Hopes from the moſt promiſing Genius prove abortive. —— Let Parents plant; let Tutors water; but let both look up to the Father of Spirits, for the deſired Increaſe.

ON every Side, I ſpy ſeveral *budding* Flowers. As yet, they are cloſely convolved, and wrapt within a ſtrong Incloſure. All their Beauties lie concealed, and their Sweets locked up. —— Juſt ſuch is the *niggardly Wretch*, whoſe Aims are all turned inward, and meanly centred upon himſelf.

BUT, ere-long, the ſearching Beams will open theſe ſilken Folds, and draw them into

a graceful Expanſion. Then, what a lovely Bluſh will glow in their Cheeks, and what a balmy Odour exhale from their Boſoms! —— So, when Divine Grace ſhines upon the Mind, even *the Churl becomes bountiful:* The Heart of Stone is taken away; and a Heart of Fleſh, a Heart ſuſceptible of the ſofteſt, moſt compaſſionate Emotions, is introduced in its ſtead. O! how ſweetly do the ſocial Affections dilate themſelves, under ſo benign an Influence! Juſt like theſe diſcloſing Gems under the powerful Eye of Day. The tender Regards are no longer confined to a ſingle Object, but extend themſelves into a generous Concern for Mankind, and ſhed liberal Refreſhments on all within their Reach.

ARISE then, Thou Sun of Righteouſneſs; ariſe, with Healing under thy Wings; and transfuſe thy gentle, but penetrating Ray, through all our intellectual Powers. Enlarge every narrow Diſpoſition, and fill us with a *diffuſive Benevolence.* Make Room in our Breaſts for the whole human Race, and teach us to love all our Fellow-Creatures, for their amiable Creator's Sake: May we be pleaſed with their Excellencies,

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and rejoice at their Happineſs; but feel their Miſeries as our own, and, with a Brother's Sympathy; haſten to relieve them.

DISPOSED at proper Diſtances, I obſerve a *Range* of ſtrong and *ſtately Stalks*. They ſtand like Towers, along the Walls of a fortified City; or riſe like lofty Spires, amidſt a Group of Houſes. They part, at the Top, into ſeveral penſile ſpiky Pods; from each of which will be excluded, within a little time, a fine Figure, of a very peculiar and inſtructive Character; rounded into a Form, that conſtitutes a perfect Circle; ſpread wide open into the moſt frank and communicative Air; tinged with the Colour, which, of all others, moſt captivates the Miſer's Eye.

BUT the Property I chiefly admire, is its *paſſionate Fondneſs* for the *Sun*. When Evening with her Shades comes on, the poor Flower droops, and folds up its Leaves. It mourns all the long Night, like ſome forlorn Lover, for the Abſence of the Light. No ſooner does Providence open "the Eye "lids of the Morning," but immediately it * addreſſes itſelf to the Object of its Affection;

* —— *Illa ſuum, quamvis Radice tenetur,*
Vertitur ad Solem. —— OVID.

tion; courts and careſſes it all the Day; nor ever loſes Sight of the refulgent Charmer, ſo long as it continues above the Horizon. —In the Morning, you may perceive it preſenting a golden Boſom to the Eaſt; at Noon, it points upward to the middle Sky; in the Evening, follows the ſame attractive Influence to the Weſt.

SURELY Nature is a Book, and every Page rich with ſacred Hints. To an attentive Mind the *Garden* turns *Preacher*, and its blooming Tenants are ſo many lively Sermons. What an engaging Pattern, and what an excellent Leſſon, have we Here!—*So*, let the Redeemed of the LORD *look unto* JESUS, and be conformed to their Beloved. Let us all be *Heliotropes* (if I may uſe the Expreſſion) to the Sun of Righteouſneſs. Let our Paſſions riſe and fall, take this Courſe or that, as his Word determines, as his holy Example guides. Let us be ſo accommodated both to his commanding and providential Will, as the Aſpect of this enamoured Flower is to the ſplendid Star which creates our Day.

IN every *Enjoyment*, O thou watchful Chriſtian, look unto JESUS; receive it as

proceeding

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proceeding from his Love, and purchaſed by his Agonies. — In every *Tribulation* look unto JESUS; mark his gracious Hand, managing the Scourge; or mingling the bitter Cup; attempering it to a proper Degree of Severity; adjuſting the Time of its Continuance; and ready to make theſe ſeeming Diſaſters productive of real Good. — In every Infirmity and *Failing*, look unto JESUS, thy merciful High-Prieſt, pleading his atoning Blood, and making Interceſſion for Tranſgreſſors. — In every *Prayer* look unto JESUS, thy prevailing Advocate, recommending thy Devotions, and "bearing "the Iniquity of thy holy Things." — In every Temptation look unto JESUS, the Author of thy Strength, and Captain of thy Salvation, who alone is able to lift up the Hands that hang down, to invigorate the enfeebled Knees, and make thee more than Conqueror over all thy Enemies. — But eſpecially, when the *Hour* of thy Departure approaches; when "thy Fleſh and thy Heart "fail;" when all the Springs of Life are irreparably breaking; *then* look unto JESUS with a believing Eye. Like expiring *Stephen*, behold him ſtanding at the Right Hand of

of GOD, on purpoſe to ſuccour his People in this their laſt Extremity. Yes, my Chriſtian Friend, when thy Journey through Life is finiſhed, and thou art arrived on the very Verge of Mortality; when thou art juſt launching out into the inviſible World, and all before thee is vaſt Eternity; Then, O then, be ſure to look ſtedfaſtly unto JESUS! "See by Faith the LORD'S CHRIST." View Him as the only *Way* to the everlaſting Manſions, as the only *Door* to the Abodes of Bliſs.

NOT long ago, theſe curious Productions of the Spring were *coarſe* and mis-ſhapen *Roots*. Had we opened the Earth, and beheld them in their Seed, how uncouth and contemptible had their Appearance been! —— But now they are the *Boaſt* of Nature; the *Delight* of the Sons of Men; finiſhed *Patterns* for Enamelling and Embroidery; outſhining even the happieſt Strokes of the Penſil. They are taught to bloom, but with a very inferior Luſtre, in the richeſt Tapeſtries, and moſt magnificent Silks. Art never attempts to equal their incomparable Elegancies; but places all her Merit in copying after

after theſe delicate Originals. Even thoſe that glitter in Silver, or whoſe Cloathing is of wrought Gold, are proud to borrow additional Ornaments from a Sprig of Jeſſamine, or a little Aſſemblage of Pinks.

WHAT a fine Idea may we form, from hence, of the *Reſurrection* of the *Juſt*, and the State of their reanimated Bodies! As the Roots even of our choiceſt Flowers, when depoſited in the Ground, are rude and ungraceful; but, when they ſpring up into blooming Life, are moſt exquiſitely elegant; So, the poor Fleſh of a Saint, when committed to the Duſt, alas! what is it? A Heap of Corruption; a Maſs of putrefying Clay. But when it obeys the great Archangel's Call, and ſtarts into renewed Exiſtence; O! what an aſtoniſhing Change enſues! What a moſt prodigious Improvement takes place! — That which was ſown in *Weakneſs*, will be raiſed in all the Vivacity of *Power*. That which was ſown in *Deformity*, will be raiſed in the Bloom of celeſtial *Beauty*; and ſhine "as the Brightneſs of the Firma-"ment," when it darts the inimitable Blue through the Fleeces, the ſnowy Fleeces, of ſome cleaving Cloud.

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Fear not, then, thou faithful Chriſtian; fear not, at the appointed Time, to *deſcend* into the *Tomb*. Thy Soul thou mayſt truſt with thy omnipotent Redeemer, who is LORD of the unſeen World; "Who has "the Keys of Hell, and of Death." Moſt ſafely mayſt thou truſt thy better Part in thoſe beneficent Hands, which were pierced with Nails, and faſtened to the ignominious Tree, for thy Salvation. —— And with regard to thy fleſhly Tabernacle, be not diſmayed; 'tis only taken down, to be rebuilt upon a diviner Plan, and in a more heavenly Form. If it retire into the Shadow of Death, and Gloom of the Grave, 'tis only to return from a ſhort Confinement to endleſs Liberty. If it dies, 'tis in order to riſe more illuſtrious from its Ruins, and wear an infinitely brighter Face of Perfection and of Glory.

HAVING now made my *Panegyrick*, let me next take up a *Lamentation*, for theſe ſweeteſt Productions of the Vegetable World. —— For I foreſee their approaching Doom: Yet a little while, and all theſe pleaſing Scenes vaniſh: Yet a little while, and all the Sweets of the breathing, all the Beauties of

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of the blooming Spring, periſh. Every one of theſe amiable Forms muſt be ſhrivelled to Deformity, and trodden to the Earth. — Significant Reſemblance this, of all created Beauty. *All Fleſh is Graſs*, ſaith the Prophetick Voice, *and all the Goodlineſs thereof as the Flower of the Field.* Behold then, ye *brighteſt* among the Daughters of *Eve*, behold yourſelves in this Glaſs. See the Charms of your Perſon eclipſed, by the Luſtre of theſe little Flowers; and the Frailty of your State repreſented, * by their tranſient Glories.

* Και το ροδον καλον εστι, και ο χροιος αυτο μαραινει·
Και το ιον καλον εστιν εν ειδει, και ταχυ γηρα·
Λευκον το κρινον εστι, μαραινεται αυτικα πιπτων·
Α δε χιων λαβρα, και ταχεως αυτικα παχθη·
Και καλλος καλον εστι το παιδικον, αλλ' ολιγον ζη.
Theocr. Idyl. 23.

When *Snows* deſcend, and robe the Fields
In Winter's bright Array;
Touch'd by the Sun, the Luſtre melts,
And weeps itſelf away.

When Spring appears; when *Violets* blow,
And ſhed a rich Perfume;
How ſoon the Fragrance breathes its laſt!
How ſhort-liv'd is the Bloom!

Freſh in the Morn, the Summer *Roſe*,
Hangs wither'd ere 'tis Noon;
We ſcarce enjoy the balmy Gift,
But mourn the Pleaſure gone.

Glories. A Fever may ſcorch thoſe poliſhed Veins; a Conſumption emaciate the dimpling Cheeks; a Load of unexpected Sorrows depreſs thoſe lively Spirits. Or, if theſe Diſaſters, in Pity, ſpare the tender Frame; yet Age, inexorable Age and Wrinkles, will come at laſt; will wither the fine Features, and blaſt every ſprightly Grace.

THEN, ye *Fair*, when thoſe ſparkling Eyes are darkened, and ſink in their Orbs; when they are rolling in Agonies, or ſwimming in Death —— How will you ſuſtain the Affliction? How will you repair the Loſs? —— Oh! apply your Thoughts to *Religion*; chooſe and attend to the *One thing needful*. Believe in, and imitate the bleſſed JESUS: Then ſhall your Souls mount up to the Realms of Happineſs, when the well-proportioned Clay is mingling with its mean Original. The bright Beams of GOD's Coun-

With ſtreaming Fire, an *Ev'ning Star*
Streaks the Autumnal Skies;
It lights the Blaze; then ſhoots away;
And, in an Inſtant, dies.

Such are the *Charms* that flush the Cheek,
And ſparkle in the Eye:
So, from the Face divinely fair,
The tranſient *Graces* fly.

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tenance will irradiate, with a matchleſs Perfection, all their Faculties. Cleanſed intirely from every Dreg of Corruption, like ſome unſullied Mirror, they will reflect the complete Image of their Creator's Holineſs. —— Oh! that you would thus *dreſs* your *Minds*, and prepare for the immortal State. Then, from ſhining among your Fellow-Creatures on Earth, you ſhall be tranſlated to ſhine around the Throne of GOD for Ever and Ever. Then, from being the Sweeteners of our Life, and the Delight of our Eyes, here below, you ſhall paſs, by an eaſy Tranſition, into Angels of Light; and become "an everlaſting Excellency, the Joy "of all Generations."

Yes; Ye flowery Nations, Ye muſt all decay. —— Yonder *Lily*, that looks like the Queen of the gay Creation —— See, how gracefully it erects its majeſtick Head! What an Air of Dignity and Grandeur ennoble its Aſpect! For elevated Mien, as well as incomparable Luſtre, juſtly may it be preferred to the magnificent Monarch of the Eaſt. —— But, all ſtately and charming as it is, it will hardly ſurvive a few more Days: That unſpotted

ſpotted Whiteneſs muſt quickly be tarniſhed, and the ſnowy Form defiled in the Duſt.

As the Lily pleaſes with the noble Simplicity of its Appearance, the *Tulip* is admired for the Gayety and Multiplicity of its Colours. What a Profuſion of Dyes array its painted Cup! Its Tinges are ſo glowing, its Contraſts ſo ſtrong, and the Arrangement of them both, ſo elegant and artful! — 'Twas lately the Pride of the Border, and the reigning Beauty of the delightful Seaſon. As exquiſitely fine as the Rainbow, and almoſt as extremely tranſient; it ſpread, for a little Moment, its glittering Plumage; but has now laid all its diſtinguiſhed Honours down. Thoſe radiant Stripes are blended, alas! rudely blended, with common Mould.

To a graceful Shape, and blooming Complexion, the *Roſe* adds the moſt agreeable Perfume. Our Noſtrils make it repeated Viſits, and are never weary of drinking in its Sweets. A Fragrance, ſo peculiarly rich and reviving, tranſpires from its opening Tufts, that every one covets its Acquaintance. How have I ſeen even the accompliſhed *Chariſſa*, for whom ſo many Votaries languiſh, fondly careſſing this little

Flower

Flower! That lovely Boſom, which is the Seat of Innocence and Virtue, whoſe leaſt Excellency it is to rival the Delicacy of the pureſt Snows, among a Thouſand Charms of its own, thinks it poſſible to adopt another from the Damask Roſe-bud. —— Yet even this univerſal Favourite muſt fail. Its native Balm cannot preſerve it from Putrefaction. Soon, ſoon, muſt it reſign all thoſe endearing Qualities; and hang neglected on its Stem, or drop deſpiſed to the Ground.

ONE could wiſh, methinks, theſe loveliest of the inanimate Race, a longer Exiſtence: But in vain: They *fade*, almoſt as ſoon as they *flouriſh*: Within leſs than a Month their Glories are extinct. Let the Sun take a few more Journeys through the Sky; then viſit this inchanting Walk, and you will find nothing but a wretched Wilderneſs of ragged or naked Stalks. —— But O! (my Soul exults in the Thought) the *Garment* of celeſtial *Glory*, which ſhall ere-long array the reanimated Body, will never wax old. The illuſtrious *Robes* of a Saviour's conſummate *Righteouſneſs*, which are appointed to deck the juſtified Spirit, are incorruptible and immortal. No Moth can corrode their Texture,

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Texture, no Number of Ages ſully their Brightneſs. The Light of Day may be quenched, and all the Stars ſink in Obſcurity; but the Honours of "Juſt Men made perfect" are ſubject to no Diminution: Inextinguiſhable and unfading is the Luſtre of their Crown.

Yes; ye flowery Nations, ye muſt all decay. —— Winter, like ſome enraged and irreſiſtible Conqueror, that carries Fire and Sword, where-ever he advances; demoliſhes Towns; depopulates Countries; ſpreads Slaughter and Deſolation on every Side —— So, juſt ſo, will *Winter*, with his ſavage and unrelenting *Blaſts*, invade this beautiful Proſpect. The Storms are gathering, and the Tempeſts muſtering their Rage, to fall upon theſe Vegetable Kingdoms. They will *ravage* through the Dominions of Nature, and *plunder* her Riches, and lay waſte her Charms. —— Then, ye Trees, muſt ye ſtand ſtript of your verdant Apparel; and, ye Fields, be ſpoiled of your waving Treaſures. Then, the Earth, diſrobed of all her gay Attire, muſt ſit in Sables, like a diſconſolate Widow: The Sun too, that now rides in Tri-

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umph round the World, and ſcatters Gayety from his radiant Eye, will then look faintly from the Windows of the South; and, caſting a ſhort Glance on our dejected World, will leave us to the uncomfortable Gloom of tedious Nights. —— Then, theſe pretty Choriſters of the Air will chant no more to the gentle Gales. The Lark, the Linnet, and all the feathered Songſters, abandon their Notes, and indulge their Woes. Mute is every ſhrill and tuneful Pipe: The Harmony of the Woods is at an End; and Silence, (unleſs interrupted by howling Winds) ſullen Silence, ſits brooding upon the Boughs, that are now made vocal by a Thouſand warbling Throats.

BUT, O! raviſhing Remembrance! the *Songs* of *Saints* in *Light* never admit a Pauſe for Sadneſs. All Heaven will reſound with the Melody of their Gratitude, and all Eternity echo to their triumphant Acclamations. The *Hallelujahs* of that World, and the harmonious Joy of its Inhabitants, will be as laſting as the Divine Perfections they celebrate. —— Come then, Holy Love, and tune my Heart; deſcend, Celeſtial Fire, and touch my Tongue; that I may ſtand

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ready to ſtrike up, and bear my Part, in that great *Hoſanna*, that everlaſting Hymn.

Yes; yes; ye flowery Nations, ye muſt all decay. —— And, indeed, could you add the Strength of an Oak, or the Stability of an *Egyptian* Pyramid, to all the Delicacy of your Texture; yet ſhort, exceeding ſhort, even then, would your Duration be. For *I ſee, that all Things come to an End.* The Pillars of Nature are totteringe; the Foundations of the round World are falling away: "The Heavens themſelves wax old like a "Garment." —— But, amidſt theſe Views of general Ruin, Here is our Refuge, Here our Conſolation, *We know that our Redeemer liveth.* Thy Years, bleſſed JESUS, ſhall not fail: From Everlaſting to Everlaſting, Thou art ſtill the ſame; the ſame moſt excellent and adorable Being; the ſame omnipotent and faithful Friend; the ſame all-ſufficient and ineſtimable Portion. O! may we but partake of thy Merits; be ſanctified by thy Grace, and received into thy Glory! —— Then, periſh, if ye will, all inferior Delights. Let all that is ſplendid in the Skies expire; and all that is amiable in

Nature

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Nature be expunged. Let the whole Extent of Creation be turned again into one undiſtinguiſhable Void, one univerſal Blank: —— Yet, if GOD be ours, we ſhall have *enough*: If GOD be ours, we ſhall have *all*, and abound: All that our Circumſtances can want, or our Wiſhes crave, to make us inconceivably bleſſed and happy: Bleſſed and happy, not only through the little Revolutions of Time, but through the unmeaſurable Lengths of Eternity.

THE Sun is now come forth in his Strength, and beats fiercely upon my throbbing Pulſe. —— Let me retire to yonder inviting *Arbour*. There the Woodbines retain the lucid Drop; and the Jeſſamines, that line the verdant Alcove, are ſtill impearled with Dews. —— Welcome, ye refreſhing Shades! I feel, I feel, your chearing Influence. My languid Spirits revive; the ſlackened Sinews are new-ſtrung; and Life bounds brisker through all her crimſon Channels.

RECLINED on this moſſy Couch, and ſurrounded by this fragrant Coolneſs, let me renew my Aſpirations to the ever-preſent Deity. Here let me remember, and

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imitate, the pious *Auguſtine*, and his Mother *Monica*: Who, being engaged in Diſcourſe on the Beauties of the viſible Creation, roſe by theſe Ladders, to the Glories of the inviſible State; till they were inſpired with the moſt affecting Senſe of their ſuper-eminent Excellency, and actuated with the moſt ardent Breathings after their full Enjoyment: Inſomuch that they were almoſt rapt up into the Bliſs they contemplated; and ſcarce "knew, whether they were in the "Body, or out of the Body."

WHEN *Tempeſts* toſs the Ocean; when plaintive Signals of Diſtreſs are heard from the bellowing Deep, and melancholy Tokens of Shipwreck come floating on the foaming Surge; then, how delightful to ſtand ſafe on Shore, and hug one's ſelf in conſcious Security! — When a *Glut* of *Waters* burſts from ſome mighty Torrent; ruſhes headlong over all the neighbouring Plains; ſweeps away the helpleſs Cattle; and drives the affrighted Shepherd from his Hut; then, from the Top of a diſtant Eminence, to deſcry the Danger we need not fear; how pleaſing! — Such, methinks,

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is my preſent Situation; for now the Sun blazes from on high; The Air glows with his Fire: The Fields are rent with Chinks: The Roads are ſcorched to Duſt: The Woods ſeem to contract a ſickly Aſpect, and a ruſſet Hue: The Traveller, broiled as he rides, haſtens to his Inn, and intermits his Journey: The Labourer, bathed in Sweat, drops the Scythe, and deſiſts from his Work: The Cattle flee to ſome ſhady Covert, or elſe pant and toſs under the burning Noon. Even the ſtubborn Rock, ſmit with the piercing Beam, is ready to cleave. All Things *languiſh* beneath the *dazling Deluge* —— While I ſhall enjoy a *cool* Hour, and calm Reflection, amidſt the Gloom of this *bowery Receſs*, that ſcarce admits one Speck of Sunſhine.

THUS, may both the Flock, and their Shepherd, * *dwell beneath the Defence of the Moſt High, and abide under the Shadow of the Almighty.* Then, though † the *Peſtilence* walketh in Darkneſs, and the *Sickneſs* deſtroyeth at Noon-day; though

* *Pſalm* xci. 1.

† This was wrote when a very infectious and mortal Diſtemper raged in the Neighbourhood.

Thouſands

Thousands fall beside us, and Ten thousands at our Right Hand; we need fear no Evil: Either the destroying Angel shall pass over our Houses; or else He shall dispense the Corrections of a Friend, not the Scourges of an Enemy; which, instead of hurting us, shall work for our Good. —— Then, though *Profaneness* and *Infidelity*, far more malignant Evils, breathe deadly Contagion, and taint the Morals of Multitudes around us; yet, if the great Father of Spirits "hide "us in the Hollow of his Hand," we shall hold fast our Integrity, and be faithful unto Death.

LET then, dearest LORD, O! let thy Servant, and the People committed to his Care, be received into thy Protection. Let us take Sanctuary under that *Tree* of *Life*, erected in thy ignominious Cross; let us fly for Safety to that *City* of *Refuge*, opened in thy bleeding Wounds. These shall be a sacred Hiding-place, not to be pierced by the Flames of Divine Wrath, or the fiery Darts of Temptation. Thy dying Merits, and perfect Obedience, shall be to our Souls, * *as Rivers of Water in a dry Place*,

* *Isai.* xxxii. 2.

or

or as the Shadow of a great Rock in a weary Land.

BUT moſt of all, in that *laſt tremendous Day*, when the Heavens are rent aſunder, and wrap'd up like a Scroll; when thy Almighty Arm ſhall arreſt the Sun in his Career, and daſh to-pieces the Structure of the Univerſe; when the Dead, both Small and Great, ſhall be gathered before the Throne of thy Glory, and the Fates of all Mankind hang on the very Point of a final irreverſible Deciſion: —— Then, bleſſed JESUS, let us be owned by Thee, and we ſhall not be aſhamed; defended by Thee, and we ſhall not be afraid. O! may we, at that awful, that unutterably important Juncture, be covered with the Wings of thy Redeeming Love; and we ſhall behold all the horrible Convulſions of expiring Nature, with Compoſure, with Comfort! We ſhall even welcome the Conſummation of all Things, as the * *Times of Refreſhing*, from the Preſence of the LORD.

THERE are, I perceive, who ſtill attend the Flowers; and, in Defiance of the Sun,

* *Acts* iii. 19.

ply their Work on every expanded Bloſſom. The *Bees*, I mean; that Nation of Chymiſts! to whom Nature has communicated the rare and valuable Secret of enriching themſelves, without impoveriſhing others; who extract the moſt delicious Syrup from every fragrant Herb, without wounding its Subſtance, or diminiſhing its Odours. I take the more Notice of theſe *ingenious Operators**, becauſe I would willingly make them my *Pattern*. While the gay *Butterfly* flutters her painted Wings, and ſips a little fantaſtic Delight, only for the preſent Moment; while the gloomy *Spider*, worſe than idly buſied, is preparing her inſidious Nets for Deſtruction, or ſucking Venom even from the moſt wholſome Plants; this frugal Community are wiſely employed in providing for Futurity, and collecting a copious Stock of the moſt balmy Treaſures. —— And O! might theſe Meditations ſink into my Soul! would the GOD, who ſuggeſted each heavenly *Thought*, vouchſafe to convert it into an *eſtabliſhed Principle*, to determine all my Inclinations, and regulate

* —— *Ego apis matinæ*
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma. HOR.

my

my whole Conduct: I ſhould then gather Advantages from the ſame blooming Objects, more precious than your golden Stores, ye induſtrious Artiſts: I alſo ſhould go home laden with the richeſt Sweets, and nobleſt Spoils, though I crop not a Leaf, nor call a ſingle Flower my own.

HERE I behold aſſembled, in *one View*, almoſt all the *various Beauties*, that have been ſeverally entertaining my Imagination. The *Viſtas*, ſtruck through an antient Wood, or formed by Rows of venerable Elms; conducting the Spectator's Obſervation to ſome amiable Object; or leading the Traveller's Footſteps to this delightful Seat: —— The *Walls*, enriched with Fruit-Trees, and faced with a Covering of their leafy Extenſions; I ſhould rather have ſaid, hung with different Pieces of Nature's nobleſt Tapeſtry: —— The *Walks*, neatly ſhorn, and lined with Verdure; or finely ſmoothed, and coated with Gravel: ——The *Alleys*, arched with Shades, to embower our Noon-tide Repoſe; or thrown open for the free Acceſſion of Air, to invite us to our Evening Recreation: —— The decent *Edgings* of Box,

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that incloſe, like a plain Selvage, each beautiful Compartment, and its ſplendid Figures: — The ſhapely *Evergreens*, and *flowering Shrubs*, that ſtrike the Eye, and appear with peculiar Dignity, in this diſtant Situation: — The *Baſon*, with its cryſtal Fount, floating in the Centre, and diffuſing an agreeable Freſhneſs through the Whole: — The Waters, falling from a remote *Caſcade*, and gently murmuring as they flow along the Pebbles: — *Theſe*, added to the *reſt*; and all ſo diſpoſed, that each recommends and endears each; render the *Whole*, a moſt ſweet raviſhing Scene, of Order and Variety, of Elegance and Magnificence.

FROM ſo many lovely Proſpects, cluſtering upon one's Sight, it is impoſſible not to be reminded of *Heaven*; that World of Bliſs, thoſe Regions of Light, where the Lamb that was ſlain, manifeſts his beatifick Preſence, and his Saints live for evermore. — But O! what Penſil can ſketch out a Draught of that goodly Land? What Language expreſs the incomparable Splendors of IMMANUEL's Kingdom? Would ſome celeſtial Hand draw aſide the Veil but for one Moment, and permit us to throw a

ſingle

ſingle Glance on thoſe Divine Abodes; how would all ſublunary Poſſeſſions become tarniſhed in our Eyes, and grow flat upon our Taſte! One tranſient Glimpſe of thoſe unutterable Beatitudes would captivate our Souls, and engroſs all their Faculties. *Eden* itſelf, after ſuch a Viſion, would appear a chearleſs Deſart, and all earthly Charms intolerable Deformity.

* *Very excellent Things are ſpoken of Thee, Thou City of* GOD. Volumes have been writ, and thoſe by inſpired Men, to diſplay the Wonders of thy Perfections. All that is rich and reſplendent in the viſible Creation, has been called in to aid our Conceptions, and elevate our Ideas. But indeed, no Tongue can utter, no Pen can deſcribe, no Fancy can imagine, what GOD, of his unbounded Munificence, has prepared for them that love Him. —— Seeing then, that all terreſtrial Things muſt come to a ſpeedy End, and there remaineth ſuch a Reſt, ſuch a bliſsful and everlaſting Reſt, for the People of GOD; let me never be too fondly attach'd to any preſent Satisfactions. Weaned from whatever is temporal,

* *Pſalm* lxxxvii. 2.

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may I maintain a ſuperior Indifference for ſuch tranſitory Enjoyments; but long, long earneſtly for the Manſions that are above; the Paradiſe, "which the LORD hath planted, "and not Man." Thither may I tranſmit the *Chief* of my *Converſation*, and from thence expect the *Whole* of my *Happineſs*. Be that the ſacred, powerful Magnet, which ever influences my Heart, ever attracts my Affections. *There* are ſuch tranſcendent Glories, as Eye has not ſeen: *There*, are ſuch tranſporting Pleaſures, as Ear has not heard: *There*, is ſuch a Fulneſs of Joys, as the Thought of Man cannot conceive.

INTO that conſummate Felicity, thoſe eternal Fruitions, permit me, Madam, to wiſh You, in due Time, an *abundant Entrance*; and to aſſure You, that this Wiſh is breathed, with the ſame Sincerity and Ardour, for my honoured Correſpondent, as it is, MADAM, for

Your moſt Obedient, &c.

J. H.

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POSTSCRIPT.

I Come now to execute an Engagement undertook *Page 71. in the Note.*

BUT, firſt, let me once again intreat the Chriſtian to contemplate the magnificent and delicate *Scenes* of the *Univerſe*, with a particular Reference to CHRIST, as the *Creator*. He can hardly imagine, what Fewel every Object, view'd in this Light, would adminiſter to the languiſhing Lamp of Divine *Love*. Every Production in Nature would ſtrike a Spark into his Soul, and tend to raiſe the ſmoaking Flax into a Flame.

BESIDES, how muſt it gladden the Heart of a Believer, and confirm his *Affiance* in the crucified Lamb, to behold the Heavens declaring his Glory, and the Firmament ſhewing his Handy-work! It cannot but be Matter of inexpreſſible Conſolation to the poor Sinner, to obſerve the Honours of his Redeemer, writ with Sun-beams, over all the Face of the World.

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LET those, therefore, who delight to read an Account of their incarnate JEHOVAH, as He is revealed in the Books of *Moses*, the Prophets, and Evangelists, endeavour to see a *Sketch* of his Perfections, as they stand delineated in that *stately Volume*, where every Leaf is a spacious Plain, every Line a flowing Brook, and every Period a lofty Mountain.

SHOULD any of my Readers be unexercised in such Meditations, I beg Leave (in pursuance of my Promise) to present them with a Specimen: To offer a Clue, which may lead their Minds into this most useful Train of Thinking. Thus, then would I frequently reflect:

O YE *Heavens*, whose wide-extended Arches encompass so many floating Worlds; He, who measured out your Dimensions with his Span, and bid you stand as Boundaries of the Universe; He once was wrapt in Swaddling-Cloths, and laid in a Manger, to bring to pass my endless Felicity.

THOU

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THOU *Sun*, that, without the Assistance of any other Fire, sheddest Day through a Thousand Realms, He, who filled your Orb with boundless Lustre, before whom your meridian Splendors are but Darkness; He emptied Himself of his Glory for my Sake, and became the Scorn of Men, the Outcast of the People.

THOU *Moon*, that walkest among un-numbered Stars, and, superior to them all, rulest the Night with thy milder Ray; He, who dressed thy Globe with beaming Silver, and dwells in Light inaccessible, He vouchsafed to wear a Body of Clay, in order to work out my Salvation, and hid not his Face from Shame and Spitting.

YE *Thunders*, that shake our Abodes, and send your tremendous Vollies from Pole to Pole; He, who gave you those dreadful Accents, whose awful Message you bear to the trembling Nations; He once, for my Welfare, poured out infantile Tears in the Stable, and expiring Groans on the accursed Tree.

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O YE *Lightenings*, that burſt from the angry Clouds, and whirl the Shafts of Juſtice thro' the Skies; He, who kindles your Flaſh, and directs your Stroke; He was bound like a Slave, was dragged to the Bar like a Felon, was ſentenced to Death like a Murderer; and ſtruck not (O! triumphant Long-ſuffering! ſtruck not) his inſolent Abuſers into the Depths of Hell with his Frown.

YE *Storms* and *Tempeſts*, that ſweep over whole Continents, and drive Foreſts headlong from their Roots; He, whoſe Breath rouſes you into ſuch horrible Rage, and whoſe Nod controuls you in your wildeſt Career; He (once) went, all meek and gentle, like a Lamb to the Slaughter for me; and, as a Sheep before her Shearers is dumb, ſo He opened not his Mouth.

THOU *Peſtilence*, that ſcattereſt Ten thouſand Poiſons from thy baleful Wings, that leaveſt whole Regions depopulated and deſolate; He, who arms thee with inevitable Deſtruction, and makes thee the Weapon of his Indignation; He once was numbered with

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with the most infamous of Malefactors; and, to ransom me from Ruin, was content to tinge a Gibbet with his Blood.

THOU *Ocean*, vast World of Waters, He who sunk that capacious Bed for your Reception, and poured the liquid Element into those unfathomable Chanels, in whose Presence all your rolling Mountains are as the small Drop of a Bucket; He, in the Days of his Flesh, had not where to lay his Head; but suffered all that is miserable and reproachful, in order to introduce a wretched Worm into the completest Bliss.

YE gushing *Fountains*, that trickle thro' the matted Grass; ye fine transparent *Streams*, that glide along your flowery Banks; ye deep and stately *Rivers*, that refresh Kingdoms in your Course, and swell the Sea with your Tribute; He who feeds you all from his own overflowing Fulness; He, formerly thirsted on Mount *Calvary*, and (what is still more astonishing) thirsted in vain, for a single Drop of Water.

YE lofty *Mountains*, that overlook the Clouds, and project a Shade into distant Pro-

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vinces; He who bid you rise so high, and stand so fast; He, gave his Back to the Scourge, his Head to the Thorns, and his Heart to the Executioner's Spear, on purpose to make a bleeding Atonement for my Iniquities.

THOU *Earth*, with all thy admirable Productions, whatever climbs thy towering Hills, or creeps along thy humble Vales; whatever wings the Air above, or cloathes the Ground beneath; He, whose Voice spoke thee into Being, whose Arm upholds thee every Moment, whose Bounty distributes such an Infinity of Riches throughout thy ample Territories; That great, honoured, and adored Author of all thy Blessings, once was made a Curse for me; and hung, with torn Flesh, with streaming Veins, with an agonizing Soul, on the Cross, — FOR ME.

O Goodness infinite! Goodness immense!
And Love that passeth Knowlege! — *But I lose,*
I lose my Words, *in this amazing Theme.* —
Come then, expressive Silence, *muse his Praise!*

FINIS.

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ERRATA.

PAG. 2. *lin.* 1. *after* Flower Garden, *add* †. *p.* 19. *l.* 26. *of the Note, for* ח ב, *r.* חוב. *p.* 41. *l.* 23. cloying, *r.* clogging. *p.* 49. *l.* 4. moſt *r.* more. *p.* 57. *l.* 18. *dele* be. *p.* 63. *l.* 23. *r.* Gillyflower.

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